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The Mortonian

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MORTONIAN



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The
Second Volume
of
The "Mortonian"
1924

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Published by the
Senior Class
of
Centerville High School

ONE

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HAIL CENTERVILLE

To your call we'll rally ever
Centerville High, hear now our praise,
We forget thy glories never,
Now with joy our voices raise.
From the sky in swelling echoes,
Comes the cheer that tells the tale
Of our victories, and our heroes,
Hail Centerville, hail, all hail!

CHORUS:—

Hail, hail, to Centerville!
All hail to our red and gray.
Hail, hail, to Centerville!
May she for the right always stay
Ever grateful, ever true
This our tribute to you still
Of the days we've spent with you,
All hail to Centerville!!

When in after years we're yearning,
In old C. H. S. to be,
May our hearts with love be turning,
To the scenes we used to see.
Back among our fondest memories,
Back among our friends of yore.
Greatest hopes and sweetest reveries.
Hail to days that are no more!



To Rosalie Hamilton. Sponsor of our class, and a friend of everyone, who has devoted her time and given us much helpful advise, and encouragement in the editing of this annual, we, the class of 1924, affectionately dedicate this, the second volume of the MORTONIAN.

7017025



THE STAFF

Esther Anderson	Editor-in-chief
Paul Mull	Ass't editor
Ralph Harrell	Business Manager
Mildred McConaha	Art editor
Ula Pike	Kodak
Mary Dunkle	Literature
Nazoma Means	Social
Kenneth Hatfield	Athletics
Irvin Hamilton	Diary
Maynard Henwood	Jokes
Sylvia Stinson	Junior Class
Edward Terry	Sophomore Class
Louise Moulton	Sophomore Class
Richard Rau	Freshman Class



Mr. Driffill has been with us a year and a half of our four. We take this opportunity to express our appreciation for his kindness and helpfulness during the past year.

The Student Council

The Student Council is a recently organized group of nine pupils consisting of two members elected by the Freshman, Sophomores, and Juniors, and three chosen from the Senior Class. This council meets with the Superintendent for the purpose of discussing questions pertaining to the welfare of the school, assisting the faculty in formulating the school government, and serves as a connecting link between the faculty and the student body. Each member of the council is the chairman of a committee of students appointed with the advice of the faculty to consider matters concerning conduct, school property, social affairs, etc.

Committees and Chairmen

Scholarship	Mildred McConaha
Assembly Conduct	Ruth McCoy
Corridor Conduct	Willard Knapp
Classroom Conduct	Hazel Crouch
Neatness and Order	Ethel Tremps
Social Affairs	Goldie Martzell
School Property	Kenneth Hatfield
Publicity	Richard Rau
School Grounds	Jyle May



FACULTY





MR. RALPH RANCK

Superintendent
Indiana University
History
Public Speaking
Economics

MISS LOUISE MEERHOFF

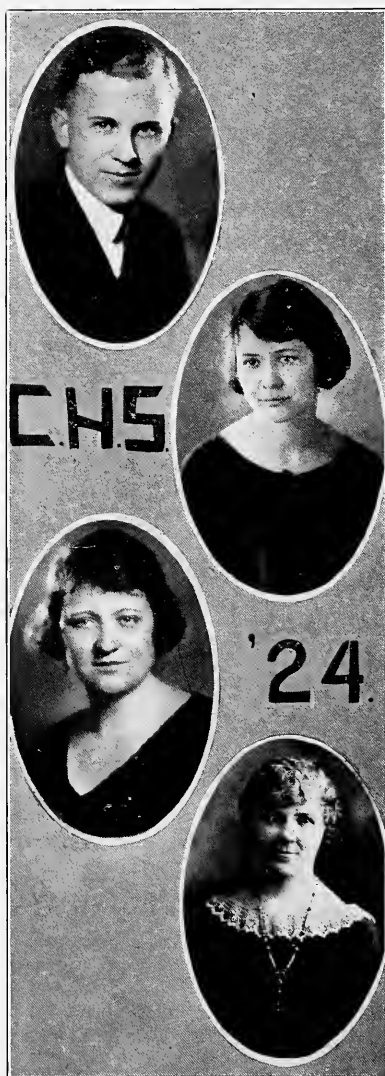
Principal
Earlham
English
Physical Training.

MRS ROSA HAMILTON

Indiana University
Mathematics
Botany

MRS. CATHERINE KITTERMAN

Ball Teachers' College
Commercial Department



MR. HOLLIS DEA KYNE

Purdue
Manual Training
Physics
Basket Ball Coach

MISS MARY DICKSON

Earlham
English
Latin
History

MISS MARIAN BOYD

Indiana State Normal
Domestic Science

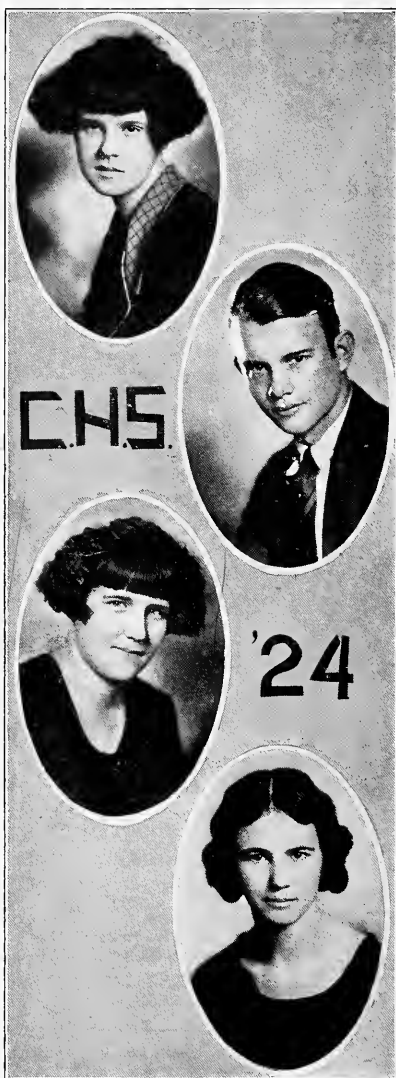
MISS FAY TERRILL

Evansville College
Music
Art



SENIORS



**ESTHER ANDERSON**

Pres. Junior Class '23. Glee Club '21, '22 and '23. Candy Club '24. Vice-Pres. '24. Editor-in-chief of Mortonian '24. Dramatics '23. "Her smiling face makes sunshine in a shady place."

RALPH HARRELL

Richmond '21. Commercial Club '23 and '24. Business Manager of Mortonian '24. Treas. of A. A. '24. "There are always two opinions—the opinion a man has of himself and the opinion others have of him."

CHARLEINE BECK

Glee Club '21, '22 and '23. Orchestra '21, '22 and '23. Treas. of Candy Club '24. Dramatics '23. "Her hair is red, her eyes are blue. She loves fun, and a good time too."

ULA PIKE

Glee Club '21, '22 and '23. Commercial Club '23 and '24. Candy Club '24. Class Treas. '21. Girls' Athletics '23 and '24. Kodak editor of Mortonian '24. "She is studious and athletic and the type of girl C. H. S. needs and hopes to have more of."

**HELEN BRUMFIELD**

Glee Club '21, '22 and '23. Commercial Club '23 and 24. Candy Club '24. "She intends to play the leading role in the 'Senior g gles' (She has plenty of company too)."

IRVIN HAMILTON

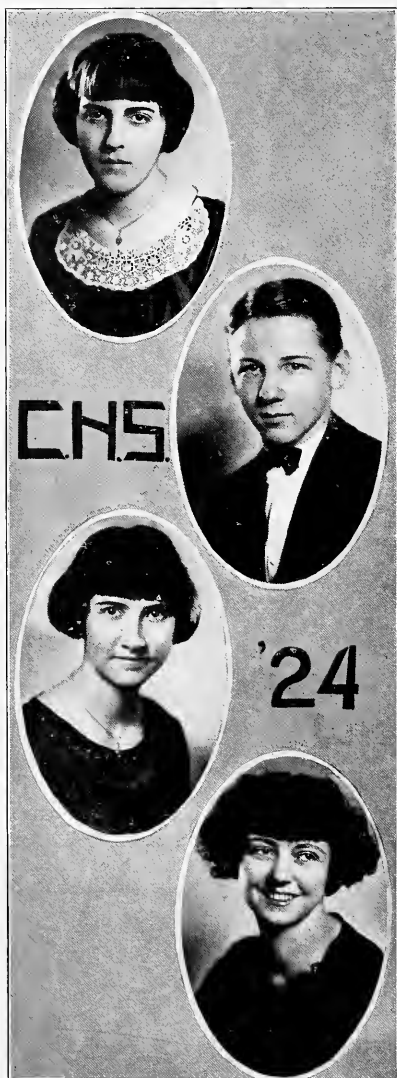
Dramatics '23. Commercial Club '23. Editor of Diary '24. "Every class has its "ladies" man Irvin is ours."

VINNIE JOSLIN

Glee Club '21, '22 and '23. Candy Club '24. Athletics '23 and '24. "She is very studious and when a question is put before the class, she is the foremost in answering it."

HAZEL CROUCH

Glee Club '21, '22 and '23. Member of Student Council '24. Commercial Club '23 and '24. Candy Club '24. "Her musical voice is heard above all, quite a noise from a person so mighty but (small?)?"

**ESTHER KANTNER**

Glee Club '21, '22, '23. Candy Club '24. The inner side of every cloud, is always bright and shining, I therefore turn my clouds about, and always wear them inside out, to show the silver lining.

KENNETH HATFIELD

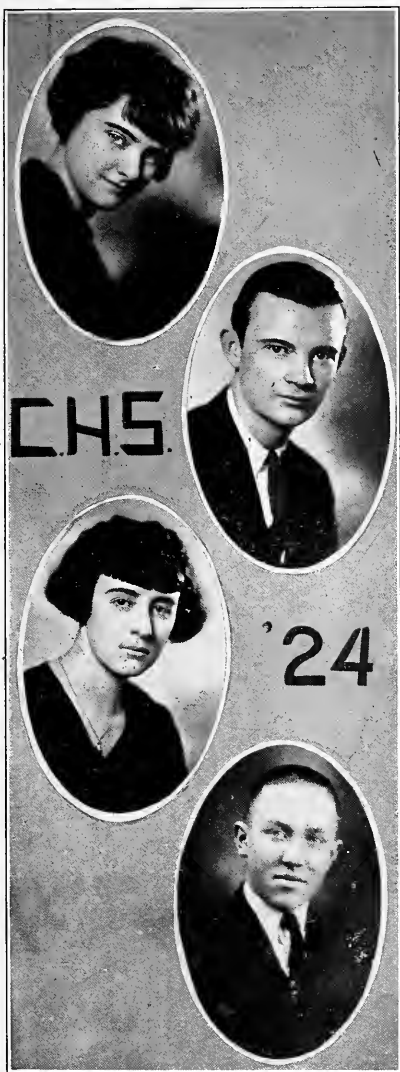
Class Pres. '21. Athletics '23, '24. Dramatics '24. Sport Editor, '24. Member of Student Council. "And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew, how one small head could carry all he knew."

MILDRED McCONAHA

Glee Club '21, '22, '23. Candy Club '24. Class Pres. '22. Art Editor or Mortonian '24. President of Student Council. Her loving disposition enables her to love everything but teasing, even from her own class.

MARY DUNKLE

Glee Club '21, '22, '23. Dramatics '23. Commercial Club '23, '24. Pres. of Candy Club '24. Class Treasurer '24. "The glass of fashion, the mold of form, the most observed of all observers."



NAZOMA MEANS

Glee Club, Dramatics '22, Candy Club, Commercial Club '24. I could live without music, poetry, walking, But who in the world could live without talking?

HAROLD MAY

Hagerstown '21, '22, Athletics '22, '23, '24. Dramatics '22. By my faith he is swift——? and energetic.

AUDREY DYNES

Glee Club '22, Candy Club '24, Commercial Club. If every woman works at that which nature fitted her the cows will be well tended.

MAYNARD HENWOOD

Connersville '21, '22. Athletics '24. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

**MARGARET WILLIAMS**

North Salem, '21, '22, '23. Candy Club '24. "Margaret has a reserved and dignified manner, but we are all glad she cast her lot among us."

HELEN GOWER

Glee Club '21, '22, '23. Commercial Club '23 and '24. Candy Club '24. "She takes life seriously."

NELLIE TOWNSEND

Economy '23. Glee Club '21 and '22. Candy Club '24. "A happy young maiden, a friend of us all."

ALICE WISSLER

Glee Club '21, '22 and '23. Commercial Club '23 and '24. Candy Club '24. "Little but mighty."



Robert R. Doddridge

The death of Robert Doddridge on Saturday August 4th, came as a shock to the entire High School and his many friends. His loyalty and true sportsmanship in the three years of High School had won his way into all our hearts.



Senior Class Will

We the class of '24 being sound in mind and having finished our high school course do hereby bequeath in the following manner, some of the things fate has allowed us to procure:

To Juniors we leave our good looks. .

To our sister class we leave our pep.

To Freshman we leave our extra credits.(?)

Esther Anderson leaves her love for Nazoma Means to Willard Knapp in hopes that she will love him as much as she does Esther..

Charleine Beck wills her love for "Physics" to her sister-in-law Katherine King so she will like it as well as she.

Helen Brumfield's ability as toe dancer and musician to Grace Caskey.

Hazel Crouch's success as a modern flapper to Mary Jane Snyder.

Audrey Dynes' fighting ability to Dorothy McKinney.

Mary Dunkle's coquetry to Mildred Smoker.

Irvin Hamilton's love for women to "Boob" Sturgis.

Maynard Henwood's hair groom to Ivan Lundy.

Kenneth Hatfield's extra credits to Eddie Terry.

Vinnie Joslin's bobbed (?) hair to Cleo Harrell.

Esther Kantner's popularity to Hazel Jackson.

Harold May's side burns to Russell Hosier.

Nazoma Mean's jolly spirit to Mary Marsh.

Ula Pike's history book to James Davison.

Nellie Townsend's good nature to Noble Jackson.

Margaret William's success in vamping Mr. Ranck.

Orville Cain's leggings to Clifford Means.

Alice Wissler's pearl ring to Hilda Ridencur.

Class History

FIRST PART

In the year of 1921 we entered upon our career of great importance, and wanted to be registered as such, but we soon learned that there were others in the same field. This year Ula Pike acted as president of our class, which included Esther Anderson, Charleine Beck, Helen Brumfield, Walter Black, Robert Crowe, Hazel Crouch, Fred Cappellar, Charles Doherty, Audrey Dynes, Mary Dunkle Edna Davis, Robert Doddridge, Helen Gower, Irwin Hamilton, Virginia Hill, Kenneth Hatfield, Vinnie Joslin, Dorothy Johnston, Esther Kantner, Nazoma Means, Mildred McConaha, Leona Marsh, Ralph Petty, Ula Pike, Edith Spotts, Alice Wissler, David Wambo, Thelma Wilson, Earl White, Raymond Weiser, and then later in the year Nellie Townsend joined us.

Our teachers were Mr. Cory, Superintendent, Mr. George Ranck, Principle, Miss Crain, English and Latin, Miss Patton, Domestic Science, Miss Nicholson, Music, Mr. McMinn, Manual Training.

Our new subjects, Latin and Algebra, which we almost feared, we soon learned to like, and some said that studying the light of the moon and stars was the only joy of a Freshie.

We enjoyed a weiner roast and the privilege to entertain the High School once a month. Although Edna Davis, Edith Spotts, Walter Black, dropped out the rest of us considered this year a success because we knew as much as the average Freshman.

SECOND PART

This year our studies were different but just as puzzling, and by the kind help of our teachers, Mr. Cory, Superintendent, Mr. George Ranck, Principle, Miss Crain, English and Latin, Miss Iva Nicholson, Music and Art, we were soon on the road to success.

This year's activities included several weiner roasts and a Sophomore-Senior party at the home of Miss Nazoma Means. Mildred McConaha, was our president and at the beginning of the term Ralph Harrell and Robert Gault joined us, and we were sorry to loose the following: Dorothy Johnston, Fred Cappellar, Earl White, Ralph Petty, Robert Crowe and Raymond Weiser.

THIRD PART

This year we had the honor of being the first Junior class in the new building. We were at a loss at first to know where to go for our classes. The teachers were all new except Mr. Cory, who was still our Superintendent, and Miss Nicholson, Music and Art, the other teachers were; Mr. Ralph Ranck, Principle, Miss Douglas, Athletics and English, Miss Westbrook, Domestic Science, Mrs. Hamilton, Mathematics, Miss

Dickson, English and Latin, Mr. DeaKyne, Basket Ball coach A Commercial course was offered this year under the direction of Miss Strickler.

We decided to give a play "Nothing But the Truth," which proved to be a success. We cleared about one hundred dollars which we used for the Junior-Senior banquet. The reception room was decorated with Junior colors, orange and white, with the fragments of the Junior flag holding the place of honor. The dining room was decorated in the Senior's colors, peacock and maize, and the Senior's flag above the table. Miss Nazoma Means acted as Toast Mistress to whom the teachers, Seniors and Juniors responded.

Harold May and later in the year Maynard Henwood joined our class, but we were sorry to lose Virginia Hill, Leona Marsh, Thelma Wilson and Nellie Townsend. Esther Anderson acted as class president.

We had several weiner roasts, and were entertained at the homes of Miss Esther Anderson, Miss Nazoma Means and Miss Mary Dunkle, when we begun the work of making our flag which later caused much excitement throughout the school, only to be quieted when Mr. Cory said, "All flags down by five and kept down until close of school."

FOURTH PART

During the summer preceeding our Senior year death summoned one of our most faithful and beloved members, Robert Doddridge, and to him we give this annual in memorium.

We were sorry to lose Robert Gault and Charles Doherty this year, and were glad to welcome Nellie Townsend and Margaret Williams and later in the year Orville Cain. We were grieved by the loss of several of our teachers including Mr. Cory. Our teachers were: Mr. Ralph Ranck, Superintendent, Miss Meerhoff, Athletics and English, Miss Dickson, English and Latin, Mrs. Hamilton, Mathematics, Miss Terrill, Music and Art, Miss Boyd, Domestic Science, Miss Larson, seventh grade, and Mr. Sanders eighth grade, Mr. Deakyne, Manual Training and Basket Ball coach, our Commercial teacher stayed with us but under a new name, Mrs. Lester Kitterman.

At our class meeting we elected Ralph Harrell president, Esther Anderson, vice-president, Ula Pike, secretary, and Mary Dunkle, treasurer. We also elected Esther Anderson editor of the annual.

We now have our diplomas in our hands
We gaze at them with gladness and joy
Then we glance at the place where we used to stand
And we long to be in the old C. H. S. once more.

By Vinnie Joslin and Esther Kantner.



STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

	NICKNAME	BYWORD	LOVES	Characteristic	AMBITION
Andrey	Dynesy	Gosh	Typewriting?	To be silent	Farmerette
Hazel	Bobby	Well gee whiz	Floyd	Jokes	To get slim
Ula	Pikey	Oh dear	Hattie	To loose bets	Live on the corner
Nazoma	Meansy	That's alright	A good time	Her Smile	To be a nuisance
Mary	Nancy	Mercy Sakes	Harold	Always talking	To live alone?
Esther K.	Giggles	Oh heavens	Brownsville	Giggles	To be popular
Alice	Freddie	O dear Fred	Fred	Calling Fred	To be married
Kenneth	Hattie	Oh ! ! ? - - -	You'd be surprised	Basket Ball	To be a sheik
Margaret	Marjy	Oh shoot	William	Having her lessons	Grades
Esther A.	Eck	Oh Stop	Dad	Her hair	To raise cats
Irwin	Ham	Oh heck	Margaret	Funny stories	To be a preacher
Nellie	Rail	Oh gosh	Homer	Her curis?	Hard to tell
Ralph	Rudey	By grab	The girls	To cut up	President
Charleine	Becky	I don't know	Kernit	Laughing	To be a musician
Helen B.	Millie	Oh Lord	Physics	Good grades	To get a husband
Helen G.	Pete	Durn	Herself	To be alone	We don't know
Maynard	Pop	Oh heck	"Commons"	To talk	To get a woman
Vinnie	Joe	By Jinks	Her Wr'ght	Studying	To be a teacher
Mildred	Speed	Oh sugar	We wonder	Vamping Harold	Cut Mary out
David	Dave	Well I'll be - - -	Naomi	H's bashfulness	To love someone
Harold	Cocky	!!!! @ - -	To talk to Speed	Winking	Slapping Mary



GIRLS CANDY CLUB

The Candy Club was organized in September, 1923 by the Senior Girls. Mary Dun-
kle was chosen president; Charleine Beck secretary and treasurer; and Mrs. Ham-
ilton supervisor. The work began immediately after organization and candy was
sold at basket ball games and picture shows. The club has been a successful one
and the funds have gone a long way toward financing the annual. The delightful
odor emanating from the kitchen on Wednesday and Friday evenings has disturbed
many students and even drawn some of the upper classmen into the kitchen. It
has been rumored that some of them made inroads on the candy. Our basket ball
team usually beat, but here is a team who always beat.



JUNIORS



TWENTY-TWO



Junior Class

Dorothy McKinney, Pres.

Ruth McCoy, Treas.

Colors, Blue and Silver

Norman Harris
Bertha Crowe
Paul Clevenger
Paul Mull
Kathryn Nelson
Ruth McCoy
Sylvia Stinson
Grace Caskey

Noble Jackson
Willard Knapp
Dorothy McKinney
Katherine King
Martha Commons
Everett Spotts
Irene Jurgens
Martha Cheesman

Hazel Jackson



H. K. K. 507

SOPHOMORES





Sophomore Class

President—Edward Terry.

Treasurer—Louise Moulton

Class Colors—Blue and Orange

Marjorie Baker
James Davidson
Naomi Dennis
Cecile Dynes
Paul Early
Harold Glunt
Herbert Hamilton
Francis Hilligoss
Afton Hosier
Russell Hosier
Cortesia Johnson
Howard Kantner
James Kelley
Ivan Lundy
Ralph McCoy

Jyle May
Goldie Martzell
Glen Meek
Louise Moulton
Edna Ramey
Hilda Ridenour
Lucile Roberts
James Rogers
Ruth Smith
Ruby Spraker
Rhea Staats
Everett Sturgis
Edward Terry
Lester Tice
Herman Wambo

Matilda Weiss
Ernest Weyl



FRESHMEN



TWENTY-SIX



Freshmen Class Roll

President—Philip O'Neal

Secretary—Robert Sullivan

Class Color—Green and Gold

Clarissa Ahl
Lola Baker
Virgile Bertram
Omar Brown
Mary Burris
Onie Cain
Ruth Davis
Ruby Fender
Cleo Harrell
Roberta Hartley
Mildred Hill
Nettie Hilligoss
Virginia Knapp
Erpha Lundy
Ethel Tremps

Eugene McGraw
Mary Marsh
Kendel Mathews
Clifford Means
Esther Meek
Philip O'Neal
Richard Rau
Martha Wright
Mary Jane Snyder
Mildred Smoker
Retha Spraker
Robert Sullivan
Olin Tout
Ralph Wissler
Raymond Ridenour

Marshall Richardson

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

NAME	LOVES	HATES	EATS	DRINKS	Favorite Remark
Mr. Ranck	Cecilia	Charline, Esther, and Nazoma	Everything	After dark	Three day
Mr. DeaKyne	To draw pictures	Questions	Pickles	? ? ?	Goodness Gracious
Mr. Sanders	To soap windows	To get caught	Watermelon	Mercury	Let's see
Miss Larson	DEAK	Dates	Potatoes	Water	?
Miss Meerhoff	Senior English Parliamentary Law	Girls primping	Apple sauce	At Price's	Excuse please
Mrs. Hamilton	Everybody	Herself	Most anything	After meals	Why?
Miss Boyd	To Boss	Everybody else	'Em alive	Cider (hard)	You idiot
Miss Terrill	Us	Nothing	Not enough	Milk	Oh! you don't say
Miss Dickson	Si	Music	Chocolates	Gasoline	Please remain after school
Mrs. Kitterman	Her husband	An eraser	All the time	From a finger bowl	Return to assembly



Faculty

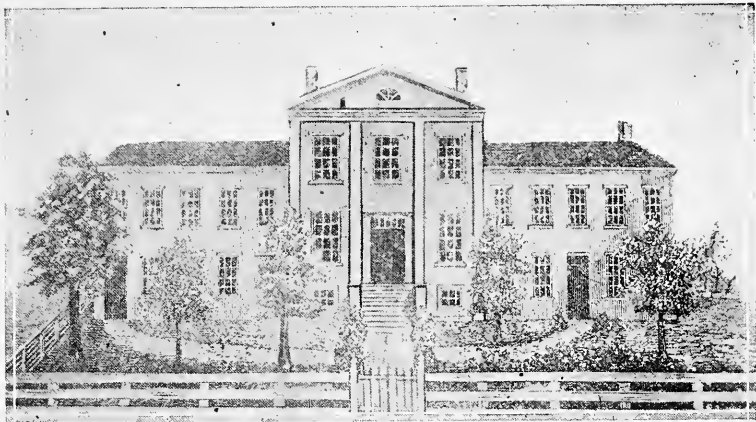
Miss Mildred Larson	Seventh grade
Miss Mariam Boyd	Domestic science
Mr. Ralph Ranck	Superintendent
Miss Mary Dickson	English and History
Mrs. Catherine Kitterman	Commercial teacher
Mr. Russell Sanders	Eighth grade and Science
Mrs. Rose Hamilton	Math. and Science
Miss Louise Meerhoff	Principal
Mr. Hollis Deakyne	Manual Training and Physics
Miss Fay Terrill	Music and Art



ALUMNI



THIRTY



THIRTY-ONE

**Class of 1893**

Della Merritt and Sallie Williams

**Class of 1894**

First Row: Flora Jones, Mae Medearis, Della Railsback, Osa King.
Second Row: Omer McConaha, Daniel Lashley.



Class of 1895

First Row: Josie McCown, Milford Reynolds, Iva Baker, George Hill.

Second Row: Christine Shoff, Mary King, Grace Van Buskirk.

Teacher: Mr. Voris.



Class of 1896

First Row: Bessie Anthony, Mattie Gable, Omar Bertram, Roy Parrott.

Second Row Forest Monger, Mamie Endsley, Alvin Threewits, Ada Commons, Charles Commons.

Teachers: Mr. Hoover, Mr. Voris.

THIRTY-THREE



Class of 1898

Back Row: Grace Roberts, Rosa Shank, Helen Howell.
 Front Row: Ralph Gentry, Myrtle Charman, Grace McMahn, Walter Dunbar.
 Teachers: Mr. Hoover, Mr. Voris.



Class of 1899

Standing: Pearl Medearis, Richard Jackson, Horace Commons, Clara Green.
 Teachers: Mr. Peacock, Mr. Hoover.



Class of 1900

First Row: Florence Ratliff, Gus Kepler, Jessie Pike.
Second Row: Porter Fike, E. a Nugent, Lois Brumfield.

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Class of 1901

First Row: Simon Weddle, Blanche Medear's, Harry Agle, Bessie Buhl, Clarence King.
Second Row: Harry Lundy. Teachers: Mr. Newbern, Mr. Beaman.



Class of 1902

Back Row: Elizabeth Lashley, Ferest Kempton, Edna Jones.
Front Row: Ethel Larsh, Teachers, E. B. Bender, Mr. Oldaker.



Class of 1903

First Row: Imogene Voss, Fred Harris, Burgess McMahan, Edna Hoggatt.
Second Row: Edith Williams, Pauline Retts, Mary Beck, Daisy King.
Teachers: Mr. Oldaker, Mr. Powers.



Class of 1904

First Row: Clyde Endsley, Ralph Reynolds.

Second Row: Clara Ratliff, Mamie Agle, Ada Jackson.

Teachers: Mr. Oldaker, Mr. Cushing.

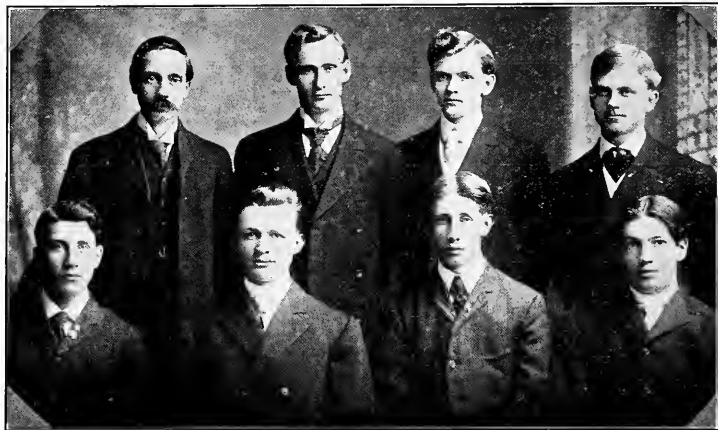


Class of 1905

First Row: Clifford King, Carrie Townsend, Lora Bowers, Alice Napier Everett McConaha.

Second Row: Lawrence McConaha. Teachers: Mr. Austin, Mr. Oldaker.

THIRTY-SEVEN



Class of 1906

First Row: Gaar Eliason, Pierre Helms, Lyman Lybault, Raymond Meek.
 Teachers: Mr. Oldaker, Mr. Routh, Mr. Miller, Mr. Deam.



Class of 1907

Fourth Row: Letha Dunbar, Ruby Cook, Cora Cook, Charles Pike.

Third Row: Callie Tremps, Retta McConaha.

Second Row: Nellie Bertram, Geneve Horne, Ada Morgan, Mamaie Bowers, Anna Stanley, Leona Crowe.

First Row: Isaac Sullivan, Howard Mathews, Harry Clark, Earl Steele, Raymond Buhl.

Teachers: Caldwell Miller, Mr. Oldaker, Thomas Deam.

THIRTY-EIGHT



Class of 1908

First Row: Pearl Williams, Hazel McKinney, Earl Lundy, Marcia Spahr.
Second Row: Hazel Meek, Alpha Williams, Ruth Burleson.



Class of 1909

First Row: Nellie Tremps, Essie Bowers, Mabel Davis, Clara Russell, Howard McMinn.
Second Row: Van Lundy, Bessie Townsend, Walter Spahr, Laura Stevens, Charlie Walker, Clarence Rohe.
Third Row: Everett Bertram, Mabel Hosier, Clinton Russell, Robert Jenkins.
Teachers: Mr. Oldaker, Mr. Blose, Miss Bolinger.



Class of 1910

Back Row: Everett Buhl, Francie Peelle, Florence Beck, Dale Martin.

Second Row: Mabel King, Anthony Toschlog, Ethel Harr's, Clarence Jenkins, Della Bowers.

Front Row: Ruth Tremps, Leota Colvin.

Teachers: Mr. Oldaker, Miss Bolinger, Mr. Joseph Blose.



Class of 1911

Back Row: Gladys Stevens, Cecile Stevens, Stella Bertram, Hazel Lundy, Ray Morgan.

Front Row: Lynn Hosier, Rozella Mathews, Beatrice Ward, Walter Mull.

First Row: Guy McMath, Mabel Elwood, Charlene Burgess.

Teacher: Frank McDeSmith.



Class of 1912

First Row: Ival Kincaid, Inez Eliason, Cora Spahr, Clem McConaha.

Second Row: Mural McKinney, Frank Toshlog, Balkis Pinnick, George Kramer, Lindley Morgan, India Colvin, Clyde Driffill.

Teachers: Mr. Blöse, Mr. Hayworth.



Class of 1913

First Row: Hattie Williams, Ruth Baldwin, Raymond Booth, Pearl Horner, Paul Harris, Mabel Revelle, Ethel Reichard.

Second Row: Jennie Omelia, Evan Martin, Howard Smelser, Hilda Helms.



Class of 1914

Back Row: Julian Dunbar, Lester Hort, Elmer Rohe, Gordon Revelle.

Second Row: Edith Spahr, Herbert King, Mark King, Mildred Bowers

First Row: Hershell Showalter, Keith Hatfield, Paul Mathews.



Class of 1915

Back Row: Julian George, Leah Petro, Hazel Garrett, Verna Showalter, Walter Clevenger.

Second Row: Howard Meeks, Paul Stevens, Paul Smith, Raymond Bertsch.

First Row: Jessie Mathews, Emil Filby, Charles Clevenger.



Class of 1916

First Row: Audrey King, Berneice Beck, John Spahr, Mary Martin, Claude Burris, Charles Mull, Inez Meek, Carrie Cheesman.

Second Row: Mary Garrett, Iva Monger.

Third Row: Mabel Monger, Esther Weiser, Beulah Bowers, Ruth Darnell.

Teachers: Miss Bertsch, Mr. Geo. Shell, Mr. Worl.



Class of 1917

First Row: Harry Foley, James Peelle, Paul Duke, Ivan King, Alden Reynolds, Nova Shadle.

Second Row: Marjorie Hurst, Etta Lamott, Esther Morgan, Ruby Castetter, Francis Colvin, Geneve Hunt, Esther George.

Third Row: Mable Taylor, Josephine Barton.

Fourth Row: Mary Wilson, Wyota Cook, Mildred Driffill, Elsie Smith.

Teachers: Mr. Russell Worl, Miss Hazel Bertsch, Prof. George Shell.

FORTY-THREE



Class of 1918

First Row: Floyd Ashbaugh, Garrett Wilson, Mabel Bertram.

Second Row: Raymond Brookhart, May Pike, Velma Helma.

Third Row: Laurabel Stevens, Ruby Hanly.

Fourth Row: Mary Adams, Hazel Wilson, Elsie Rugh, Mildred Lyons.

Teachers: Mr. Geogre Shell, Miss Vesta Rollman.



Class of 1919

First Row: Verlin Martin, Hugh Cheesman, Everett Eliason.

Second Row: Edith McMahan, Lucas Rohe, Grace Townsend.



Class of 1920

First Row: Horace Staats, Ethel Garrett, Esther Langley, Kathryn George, Neva Kellum, Lena Cappellar, Ira Kent.

Second Row: Anna Harris, Edith Bramer, Roy Harris, Edward Neff, Murle Terry.



Class of 1921

First Row: Herbert McMahan, Vern Davis, Isaac Doddridge, Paul Rohe.

Second Row: Ethel Jackson, Zelda Gould.

Third Row: Howard Jackson, Gladys Ridenour.

Teachers: Mr. Frank Cory, Mr. Guy Ranck, Miss Cecilia Crain.



Class of 1922

First Row: Foster Hurst, William Fisher, Austill Chambers, Ernest Davis, Elmer Meek.

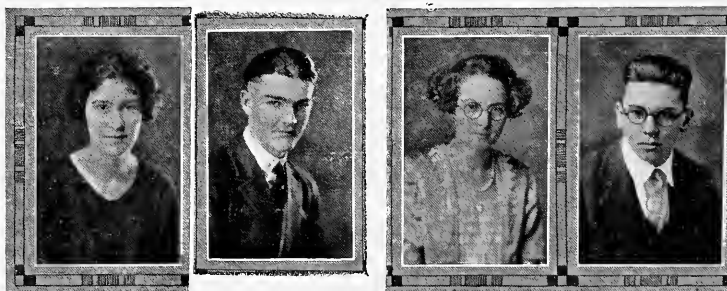
Second Row: Mary Oden, Russell Harr's, Okla Clevenger, Pearl Blue, Charles Martin, Elma Eliason.

Third Row: Arlene Duff, Ethel Anderson.

Fourth Row: Frances Mathews, Walter Terry, Elden Wissler, Gladys Gower.

Teachers: Mr. Frank Cory, Mr. Guy Ranck, Miss Cecilia Crain.

Class of 1923



Ruth Plankenhorn

Maurice Means.

Pauline P.ke.

Everett Harris.

Ones Omitted; Lyda Ayres, Mary Bicknel, Harold Cook, Martha Davison, Iva Duff,
Harold Harris, Vera Staats.



Edna Voorhees.

Heman Scott.

Ruth Commons.

Thelma Chadwick.

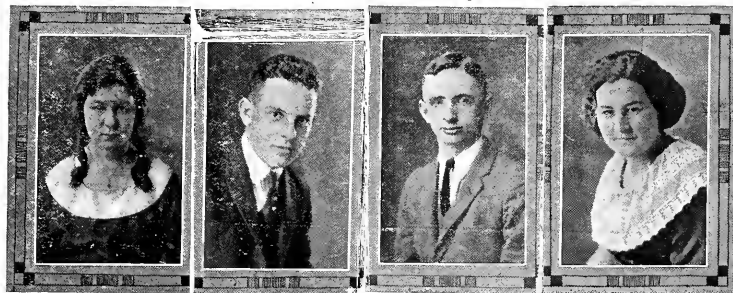


Dorothy Smelser.

Leonard Bowman.

Ethel Lane.

Helen Jackson.

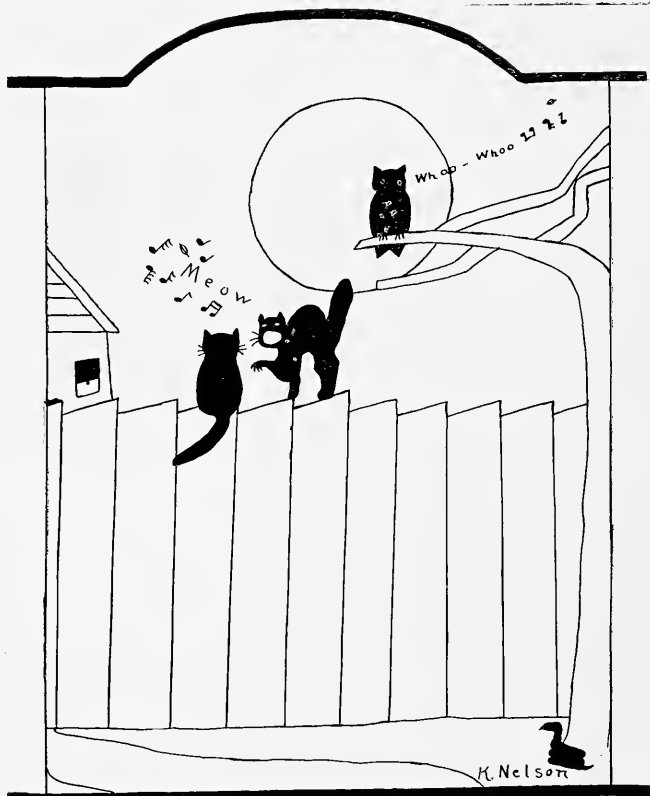


Virginia Scott.

Elmer Harris.

Paul Burris.

Vera Ridenour.



MUSIC



Oh! Oh! Oh! Centerville Hi!

Oh! Oh! Oh! Centerville Hi!
 She's not very big, but she sure is spry,
 She has a lot of backers full of pep,
 Believe me she sure has the rep!
 She has a dandy team alright
 Say! they sure know how to fight,
 Is it a good school?
 Well I guess!
 There never was a school like the C. H. S.

Tune of "Hortense."

Senior Class Song

We are coming back as Seniors
 To sing another song,
 We'll sing it as we used to sing it,
 Thirty Freshies strong.
 Hooray! Hooray! Come on you Senior
 class,
 Hurray! Hooray! Don't take the Junior's
 "sass,"
 The Sophomore and the Freshmen class
 Are still p'odding along
 Till the time, when they can sing this
 song.

Tune of "Marching Thro' Georgia."

Junior Class Song

Dear one, the world is waiting for the
 Juniors,
 Finest class they've ever known,
 The other classes will ne're o're take us
 And our class stands out alone.
 Tune of "The World is Waiting for the
 Sunrise."

Sophomore Class Song

There is a class in old C. H. S.
 The very best class in the world, I guess,
 We study hard but have time for play
 And when the teachers order we obey.

We play jokes but they're for fun
 Which is surely enjoyed by everyone,
 We get good grades but pet we are not
 And most everyone likes a lot.

Our colors are green and gold
 And our love for them will ne're grow
 cold,
 They stand for truth, honesty and work,
 Which are things we Sophocies never
 shirk.

Sophomore class of '24
 The very best class in the whole world
 o'er
 Everyone of us will surely pass
 And this the history of the Sophomore
 class.

Chorus:
 Sophomore class of '24
 The very best class in the whole world
 o'er
 Always helping someone in need
 For aiding everyone is our creed.

Tune of "Old Zip Coon."

Freshman Class Song

Freshmen! Freshmen! best class ever
 known
 Honesty, Friendship, Truth, in our work
 is shown,
 Everyone must admit
 Best class anynywhere
 Finest class in the world is found right
 there,
 We help those in need
 We will help you
 And if others need aid
 We will aid them, too.

Tune of "Massa Dear."

JUNIORS

Rah! Rah! Rah! for the Juniors!
Some great class are we,
Never into mischief
But always busy as can be.

The Seniors never notice us
And don't have much to say,
The other classes ignore us
Even more than they.

When it comes to parties,
We sure can't be beat,
Having a good time
And plenty of things to eat.

I'm sure I don't know
Where old C. H. S. would be
If it were not for the Juniors
So important are we.

SENIOR POEM

Out in the world there shines a light
To strengthen the weary and weak
'Tis true that those of my class will fight
For the nobility and love that they seek.

This small yet dreamy vision of yore,
Is shiftless and weak in love,
But the Senior Class of twenty-four,
Are beacon lights to the home above.

In this short life may we ever be,
Faithful and true of heart.
Fasten our stars to the heavenly tree,
And labor till our lives here, we part.

Now, hand in hand we pass the line,
And one by one we leave the race,
Till in the very glimpse of time,
We'll scarcely recognize one face.

FRESHMEN

In three years more, and we'll be It,
Be it of all the C. H. S.
But we'll not forget our Freshman year,
For it was best of all.

They used to call the Freshman class
The greenest of all four years
But now because that we are it
They call us just the op-o-sit.

SOPHOMORE

The Sophomores are the best in the world
For they study hard all day,
Industrious they will remain
Till their heads are turning grey.

They never idle or write notes.
They never disobey
They never even whisper
Till the teacher says they may.

They always have their lessons.
Never late to school at all
Never cheat in any classes,
Never blockade the hall.



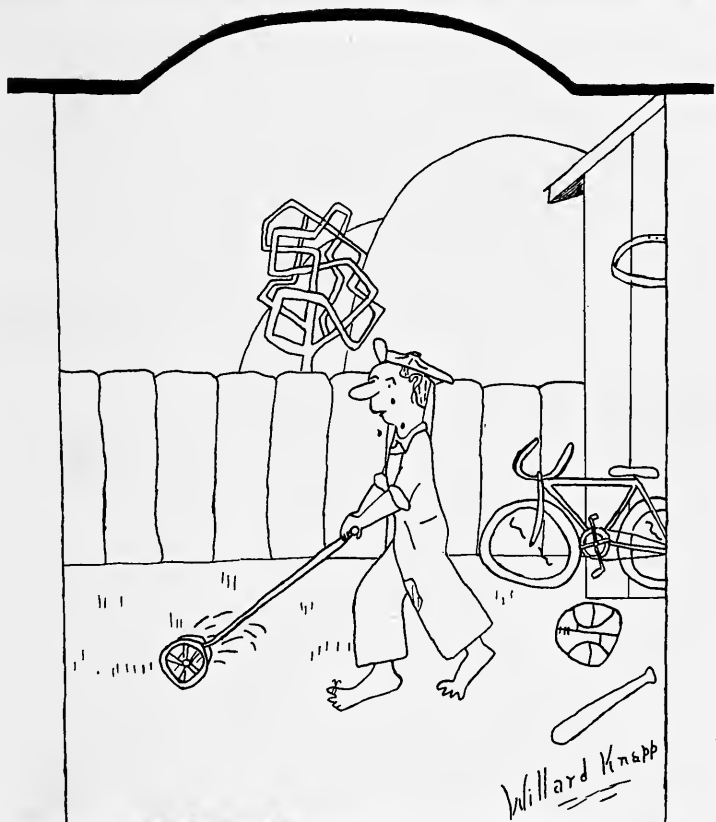
Commercial Club

Lester Tice
Willard Knapp
Kenneth Hatfield
Ula Pike
Cortesia Johnson
Audrey Dynes
Catherine King
Hazel Crouch
Harold May
Edna Ramey
Russell Hosier
Ralph Harrell
Everett Spotts
Helen Brumfield
Alice Wissler
James Rogers

Helen Gower
Dorothy McKinney
Nazoma Means
Matilda Weiss
Herbert Hamilton
Rhea Staats
Marjorie Baker
Afton Hosier
Louise Moulton
Mary Dunkle
Martha Commons
Paul Clevenger
Irene Jurgens
Sylvia Stinson
Ralph McCoy
Bertha Crowe

Francis Hilligoss
Mrs. Kitterman (teacher).





ATHLETICS





Girls Gynasium Class

Erpha Lundy
 Martha Wright
 Cleo Harrell
 Nettie Hilligoss
 Esther Meek
 Clarissia Ahl
 Mary Burris
 Ruth Davis
 Mary Jane Snyder
 Cecile Dynes
 Ruth Smith
 Louise Moulton
 Ula Pike
 Frances Hilligoss
 Matilda Weiss
 Edna Ramey

Marjorie Baker
 Hilda Ridenour
 Martha Cheesman
 Naomi Denn's
 Dorothy McKinney
 Lucille Roberts
 Goldie Martzell
 Cortesia Johnson
 Helen Brumfield
 Hazel Jackson
 Irene Jurgens
 Mary Dunkle
 Audrey Dynes
 Ruby Spraker
 Vinnie Joslin

Miss Meerhoff (teacher)



Basket Ball Squad

Mr. DeaKyne (Coach)
 Maynard Henwood
 Ernest Weyl
 Kenneth Hatfield
 Edward Terry
 Jyle May

Paul Mull
 Willard Knapp
 Ralph Harrell
 Richard Rau
 Haro'd May
 James Davison

Winning Team	Losing Team	Place	Score
Milton.....	Centerville.....	Here	18-22
Mooreland.....	Centerville.....	Here	15-23
Brownsville.....	Centerville.....	There	12-38
Centerville.....	Whitewater.....	Here	10-18
Cambr'dge.....	Centerville.....	There	18-19
Centerville.....	Williamsburg.....	Here	11-36
Centerville.....	Boston.....	Here	15-19
Lewisville.....	Centerville.....	There	12-13
Brownsville.....	Centerville.....	Here	30-32
Fountain City.....	Centerville.....	Here	33-24
Whitewater.....	Centerville.....	There	30-10
Cambridge.....	Lewisville.....	There	18-42
Centerville.....	Cambridge.....	Here	14-47
Economy.....	Centerville.....	There	26-30
Centerville.....	Fountain City.....	Here	24-33
Mooreland.....	Centerville.....	There	23-3
Centerville.....	Economy.....	Here	31-42
Centerville.....	Williamsburg.....	There	21-38
Centerville.....	Boston.....	There	33-34



BASKET BALL GAMES FOR SEASON OF 1923-24

Our first Basket Ball game of the season was with Milton, who defeated us to a score of 22 to 16. The team not being very well organized at this early part of the season. With two new members on the squad it was hard to get a combination that would work smoothly and combined in a scoring and defensive team. This did not discourage us, however, and we started working hard for the game with Mooreland. Hatfield was high point man in this game with six (6) points and Terry with four (4).

Another defeat of 23 to 15 was handed to C. H. S. after a hard battle with the Champions of their district, the fast Mooreland squad who won their district and went as far as two games in the regional. Centerville showed a little more ability in basket ball shooting and defense than in their first game with Milton. Hatfield was high point man with twelve (12) points.

Our third game, with Brownsville, was a heartbreaker. We were defeated to the tune of 38 to 12. We were handicapped by the absence of our regular center and floor guard which made it hard for the team to score with any regularity. It was also our first game away from home. We all wished for better luck next time. May and Hatfield shared honors with four (4) points each.

Good luck defeated Whitewater to the score of 18 to 10 in a fast, interesting, and close game. Centerville seemed to show their ability in this game more than in any other so far this season in hitting the circle. May was high point man with eight (8) points.

Centerville made the trip to Cambridge City and were defeated to the score of 18 to 19 in a rough and tumble game. In the last few minutes of play Hatfield and Terry tried to connect for long shots but could not succeed. There were many fouls called in this game and Centerville for the first time was the victim of poor officiating. Hatfield with (6) points and Terry with five (5) points were the high point men for Centerville.

Defeated Williamsburg by a score of 36 to 11 in a fast game of Basket Ball. Centerville outclassed the visitors in every department of the game. Terry was high point man in this game with a total of sixteen (16) points. May second with twelve (12).

Defeated Boston, 19 to 15 in a fast and exciting game. The score was never more than three points difference in any part of the game. Boston had a clean, fast team but could not gather enough points to win. Terry starred with eleven (11) points.

We were defeated at Lewisville by one point, 13 to 12. It was a fast and exciting game being rough at times. With a few minutes to play and the score 11 to 12 in our favor but Lewisville came through with a field goal placing them one point

ahead. May missed the chance to win the game by a shot under the basket and the game ended 13 to 12. Terry again was the star with six points

Brownsville defeated us in a close game 30 to 32. Quite a difference in the score of the first game earlier in the season. Centerville could not get together for baskets in the last few minutes of the game. May starred with ten (10) points to his credit.

We were defeated by the strong Fountain City five here by the score of 28 to 35 in a fast and interesting game of Basket Ball. Up until the last five minutes the score tied 25 to 25. Centerville's defense gave away and Fountain scored the necessary points to win. Terry starred with fourteen (14) points.

Made the trip to Whitewater but were defeated 30 to 21. C. H. S. could not pull out of the hole of inability to hit the basket while Whitewater had plenty of luck. Terry with eight (8) points starred.

Revenge again, defeated Cambridge to the score of 34 to 19 in a well played game of Basket Ball, by Centerville. Cambridge did not seem able to puncture Centerville's defense to get shots. Terry and Hatfield again were the stars with nine and six goals.

Economy defeated C. H. S. at Economy 30 to 26. A game which was lost by over confidence in the Centerville team. Our new man Glunt showed well in his old home town by coming through with eleven (11) points.

The big surprise, Centerville defeated Fountain City 33 to 24 it was anybody's game until the final whistle blew. The game was fast and rough at times. Glunt again starred with twelve (12) points.

Our worst defeat of the year was handed to us by Mooreland by the score of 23 to 4. The team was handicapped by the low ceiling and narrow floor making it hard to shoot, hoping for better luck next time. Glunt scored our only field goal in this game.

We defeated Economy 42 to 31 in a fast and clean game of Basket Ball. We were bound to beat them for the defeat they gave us up there. Glunt with eleven (11) points. Hatfield with nine (9). Terry with fifteen (15) points led the scoring for Centerville.

We defeated Williamsburg there 38 to 21 although they were leading in the first half, C. H. S. came back strong in the second half and swamped Williamsburg with timely field goals. Terry with seven (7) fields was high point man.

In our last scheduled game of the season we defeated Boston for the third time 34 to 33 in an over time game. Terry and Hatfield pulled this game out of the fire with two neat long shots to put Centerville out in front. Terry came through with eleven (11) points.

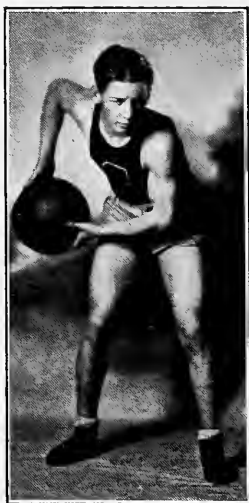
Our last game at home we defeated the Alumni to a neat lacing of 32 to 11. The boys thought they had something pretty soft in the High School but we were soon running round stepping on their tongues.

**HOLLIS DEAKYNE**

"Deak," is the coach of our team. During his service the past two years, he has made two good teams. We appreciate his great service in Athletics.

KENNETH HATFIELD

"Hattie," is the smallest player in the district. You can depend always on him for points. He has held the forward position down all year. Hattie leaves the High School for College.

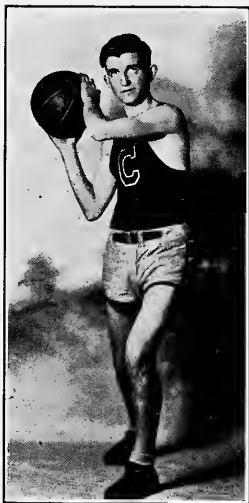


**PAUL MULL**

"Petie" holds down the position as back guard. He is always ready to stop 'em. He has been a good man on the team. He will be with us one more year.

ERNEST WEYL

"Ernie," holds the position of center and floor guard. Ernie is shifted here and there for positions. He has scored several points for his team, he has two more years to be a great player.

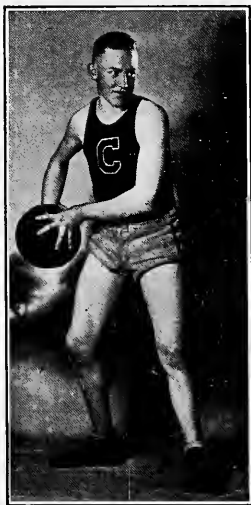


**HAROLD MAY**

"Cocky," who holds the floor guard position down and has been shifted around several times. Cocky comes in third for points for his team. C. H. S. will surely miss his services.

MAYNARD HENWOOD

"Pop," noted for sinking one through the hoop at the proper moment. He has held the floor guard position during the past year. C. H. S. will sure miss him.





WILLARD KNAPP

"Beanie," supports the team as back guard. He is noted for stopping them under the basket. He can always be depended on for two points in every game. And he looks like a valuable man for the next year.

EDWARD TERRY

"Eddie," was the mainstay on our team this year. He won the position of center on the first all star team at the district tournament. Eddie is only a Sophomore, so we expect him to be a valuable player in future years.



**HAROLD GLUNT**

A member of the all district second team holds down the forward position along with Hatfield. He has proved a valuable player during the later part of the season. Glunt has two more years and we are looking forward for him to be a valuable man for C. H. S. in his remaining years.

THINKING

If you think you're beaten, you are
If you dare not, you don't
If you'd like to win but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're out classed, you are
You've got to think high to rise
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win the prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

Mrs. Rosa Hamilton.

YEA CENTERVILLE

YELL -----



"Zoma" Means

Hand car! Push car!
 Engine full of steam!
 Centerville High School
 Has a dandy team!

K-i! K-i!
 Ki, flippity bin,
 Come out of the woods,
 Sandpaper your chin,
 We're wild! We're wooly!
 We're rough like a saw,
 Centerville High School
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Center Hoof! Center Hoof!
 Hold the floor and raise the roof!
 Razzle Dazzle! Zizzle Zip!
 Yea Centerville, Let 'er rip!
 _____ on a raft!
 Wreck 'em!

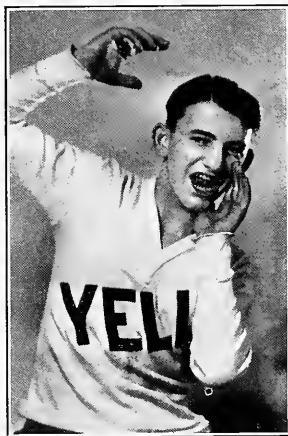
Yea Red! Yea Gray!
 Yea Team! Let's play!

Well! Well! Do tell!
 Holy Smokes!
 What a Yell!

Ice cream, soda water,
 Ginger Ale and pop
 Centerville High School,
 Is always on top!
 Ice cream, soda water,
 Ginger Ale and beer
 _____ High School,
 Is always in the rear!

You've not got the pep,
 You've not got the jazz
 You've not got the team,
 That Centerville has!

We've got the pep!
 We've got the steam;
 And oh Brother!
 We've got the team!



"Dick" Rau





LITERATURE



THE "TAG-A-LONG" TWINS

Edith and Edna Taylor had always been called the "Tag-a-long" twins because when they were about seven years old they followed their "big" brother Tim, everywhere. Tim seemed much grown up in their eyes as he was eleven years older than they. They almost worshipped Tim and he would do anything he could for them. Sometimes he brought them candy or pop corn, and they would say, "Oh, thank you, Timothy." (He now insisted that he was too old for nick names.)

But now their first fit of madness came. Timothy had just proposed to Leona Greyson, a girl who said she detested small children, especially about the age of eleven or twelve. The twins were eleven and they thought that Tim was too good for Miss Greyson and better suited for Maisie Thornburg, their Sunday School teacher. They loved Miss Thornburg and hated Miss Greyson, so they decided to put a stop to the "affair" between Miss Greyson and Tim. They told Tim that they did not like Miss Greyson and quarreled with him about her. Then their mother and father had the worst time of their life with Tim and the twins. The twins d'd not speak to Tim but when they thought they were alone, Tim, Miss Thornburg and Miss Greyson were often mentioned in their conversation.

"Mother, may we invite Miss Thornburg to tea Wednesday?" asked Edna.

"I'll see about it," said her mother.

Tim soon left and Mrs. Taylor was very surprised when her daughters told her that they had already invited Miss Thornburg for tea that very afternoon.

"Oh, we asked her last week, Mother, so it's alright," answered Edith, when her mother asked her when they had asked Miss Thornburg.

Miss Thornburg came that afternoon before Tim returned home from town. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Thornburg were soon chatting as though they had always known each other. As Tim entered the door he heard a sweet low voice in the library. While he was trying to think if he had ever heard her voice before, his mother called to him and asked him to come into the library. As he entered he saw one of the most beautiful girls he had ever met, sitting in a large chair with a twin sitting on each arm of the chair. Miss Thornburg was reading to the twins from a book which it appeared she had written herself.

Tim could hardly keep his eyes off her for the rest of the afternoon. She seemed so wonderful to him. What expressive eyes, what beautiful teeth, what wonderful hair and oh! what a pretty little mouth! That was what tantalized him! It was almost love at first sight for Tim.

That night the twins each received a big box of candy and Miss Thornburg received some beautiful roses soon after that. The twins had a job now! It was carrying from Tim to Miss Thornburg and then bringing answers back to Tim. What eager expectancy was in Tim's eyes as he saw them coming up the walk after going to visit Miss Thornburg; and how Miss Thornburg blushed when she received a note from Tim.

Tim started going to church (a thing which he had sadly neglected before) and he usually walked home with Miss Thornburg. The nights when he went out were now usually spent with her instead of Miss Greyson.

One day Miss Thornburg was wearing a new diamond ring! The twins asked Tim about it that night and he seemed to know all about it.

"Did you give it to her?" the twins both asked at once.

"Yes, I did. We're going to be married in the spring and you two girls are to be flower girls!"

"Oh, goody!" cried both at once.

"But you must change your names for that day because you won't be able to tag-a-long, you'll save to walk in front!"

"Don't you worry!" cried the twins. We'll change our names sure enough!"

Ruth Smith.

REMINISCENCES OF A BASKETBALL

I was blue and discouraged as I lay on a pile of sweat shirts in the dressing room. Truly I had reason to be! A week before I was all bright and shiny, comfortably laid in a window, by which crowds hastened by. Boys stopped and looked at me, I felt foolish at first, but I become accustomed to it and liked for them to look at me. But, you know, some of the funniest people went by! A few had some queer kind of shoes on, they were black with some light fuzzy stuff at the top. Others had some thing like them only the tops hung down and I could hear them— flap— flap! They looked sloppy!! There were a few pretty girls passed but they were dressed so funny — their skirts were so long and they d'dn't have any belts on their coats! What is this world coming too? ?

Well, well, I've slipped off the subject, haven't I? But I must tell you how I came to be in this room. One bright day, a short man with light curly hair and blue eyes and say, he had gold in a tooth, too, came in and my owner took all the other balls out of the window but myself. Oh, my heart almost failed me! Then that man said, "Let me see that other one" and I was so happy I rolled right over to him! He bounced me and I jumped as high as I could but he pushed me away! That hurt my feelings so I rolled back, and every time he pushed me away I'd roll back. Can you imagine my joy when he picked me up and gave my former owner a bill? Oh man! I swelled up and looked at those other balls laying there so solemn like, and I thought I'd burst! !

But — — — I have been here a week and have seen nothing but a bunch of boys who barely look at me, some giving me a push! I do wish I could have a little excitement! I didn't, so I just snuggled down in my bed and wept to myself to keep me company! !

O joy! A man came in here today, the same man that bought me and looked at me so glad like and said, "Here, it is boys, I knew I had bought one!" Then they came in, looked at me and talked awhile to this man they called 'Deak' then left! But I heard one of them say, "I'll come down and get it after while." I do not like to be called 'it' but I'll try and stand it for awhile, anyway!

The room grew dark and I was feeling blue, but I was pretty sleepy so I shut my eyes and started to sleep. It was but a short sleep for I was awakened by a tiny light going all over the room and I heard a voice say — — well, maybe I'd better not say it for you've all probably heard a man talk when he stumps his toe in the dark against a chair or something, this man talked like a man stumping his toe! If you have'n't heard one then just hang around until one does! You'll never do it again I bet! Suddenly he pounced down on me, snatched me up and ran away with me out of doors. Gee, it was cold!! Then I felt that boy fall and I quickly rolled away, it was sure slick and no wonder he fell. Well, you should have heard that fellow then! He raved and caved and I chuckled to myself for I knew he was hunting me, finally he found me and I soon found myself in some funny machine, with a gang of fellows who all talked at once! How I longed for that pile of sweat shirts! But woe is me— —I did not have them!!

Finally, after we arrived at some town the boys called some kind of a bridge city, I got a surprise! Say, you know those boys sounded like a gang of Italians babbling away at nothing, I couldn't understand half they said! There I go again! ! Well, they took me into a great big room and talk about people, my stars! A whole room full of them, yelling and shouting like they didn't have a grain of sense! I wondered if they all came to see me, so I kept rolling up against the fellow that was carrying me but he wouldn't pay any attention for he was looking at some girl that was looking at him with awful wicked eyes! Oh, these g'rls! Hang it, I wish he could think of something else to do besides squeezing me to death! Some fellow, that was only

half dressed, came up and carried me out on a big floor where there was some more boys dressed the same way, and do you know what he did? He deliberately threw ME at an iron basket that was hanging on the wall!!!! Of all things to do, I thought that was the worst! Say about feelings, that sure was one!! Oh, man! It made me kinda' angry so I just hit the old thing and, of course, I bounced to the floor where another fellow caught me and if he didn't do the same thing!!! I was caught about seven times by a different fellow then started in again with the first and by that time I was enjoying it so I jumped through that ring and net and when I was caught, a fellow said, "fine," and I knew that jumping business was mine! I began to have fun!! Then a stranger came up and blew a whistle at the same time throwing me in the air and when I came down some fellow hit me!! Gee, I was peeved, they just kept hitting me and it seemed as though they'd never stop! Good night! Did they expect me to keep going up after they hit me??? Somehow, I did not think they did and I just decided I wouldn't help them for awhile and I didn't! But some fellow threw me at the basket and I just jumped in!! But my heart did stop after I came thru for of all the yelling!!!!??? Heavens! Those kids almost yelled their fool heads off for what had I done? Tears came to my eyes as I was caught and hit again for I could not imagine what I'd done!! Then — oh — then!!! I realized they were yelling because I had jumped through the basket and I sure was happy!! Did any of you ever feel like you heart would burst with joy??? — — — Huh? — — — well, that's the way I felt then!

I kept jumping through the basket for all the boys that I knew and once in a while I went through for the strangers but I didn't like to as well as for the others! One fellow on that other team spit on his fingers and then on me and — — some folks got mad — — —, well I just boiled!! So I just jumped over in all that crowd, I thought I'd just give that fellow a little chase. I heard some one say that "IT" was wild, — — — I supposed they meant me but I didn't see anything wild about myself. Do you? I don't see why they didn't say it was angry. It would have been more appropriate!! But some folks are so dumb they wouldn't know how to tell the truth!! Oh, I'll excuse them!

The game ended at last and they again put me in that funny car. This time they laid me on the floor and for the life of me I could not lay still, I just rolled all over the floor, hitting the fellow's feet and the walls! Oh, I was so tired! Those boys were tired too, for they didn't talk! Sure sign!! They just layed on top of each other kinda' sleepy like. Some of those boys fairly yelled as they slept-I heard one fellow say they were snoring. How I'd wish I could! — — — Why, you ask? Just because, if I could, I'd just snored until someone picked me up! Gee, I was tired of continually rolling around.

Oh, peanut clusters!! I rolled against something soft and realized that it would keep me warm so I rolled away then rolled back against it as hard as I could and got what I wanted. I actually stopped and I found I had rolled into a hat. After a long cold ride we arrived safely home and I was again placed on the pile of sweat shirts to rest. Oh man!! I got to thinking about the game and I could scarcely wait until the next. How I loved them!!! I do hope they will let me do my part for I will slide right through that queer basket for the home boys! Say, I'm tired and sleepy!! Wonder if the boys are sleepy too! I don't like to be called it — — — hope I get to play soon — — — I got — awful cold — — — I'm glad I know how life goes — — — — — gee! — — — I'm — — so — — — — — sleep — — —

Thus my story ends!

M. Commons '25

Junior Class

SAVING A FRIEND

"Well, Bob I'm leaving college to-morrow for good," answered Tom to his roommate one evening as they were sitting in their room.

"But why?" asked Bob in amazement.

"Don't ask questions old pal, I can't tell you."

But Bob noted the frown on Tom's face and knew he was worried about something, so he said nothing more about his leaving.

That night Bob was awakened by a sound in his room. He thought at first it was his dog, but he saw figures moving and heard a sound, some one was talking. It was Tom, he heard him say, "But gentlemen, I would like to know what I am getting into, what is your business anyway?"

"You'll find out tomorrow night," answered a big tall man sternly and then they went out and slammed the door behind them. Bob was more determined than ever that he should find out the reason for his pal's queer actions. So he got up and dressed and called his dog and tracked them. They walked for many squares until they came to an old brick house at the edge of town. The windows were all broken out in the upper story. Surely, he thought, no one lived here, but they waited a while and could see no one. They were about to return back home. Bob heard a sound, someone climbed from a window. It was a girl. He would see what he could find out from her.

"Oh pardon me lady," he said as she came near him, "Could you tell me where I am, I must be lost." As the girl came closer to him, Bob could see that she was very beautiful, but dressed quite shabby and a weary look on her face, she must be in trouble he thought. He did not know how long it was before she answered, finally she said, "Sir, you are in the poorest section of town and take a tip from a friend you'd better get out of here," she turned and walked away. Bob heard her mutter, "I must save him, I must" and then she began to run, and Bob followed her, he knew she was the only one who might know something of Tom but she was soon gone. Bob wandered half the night looking for her but his search was in vain.

It was with a heavy heart that Bob returned to his classes the next morning but he had not given up, he was determined to save Tom.

When Bob was walking over the campus that afternoon he saw a tall slender figure approaching him. It must be the same girl he had seen the night before, and when she stopped and raised her pretty blue eyes to meet his there were tears in them.

"Oh, my good sir," she broke out, "I knew you were not lost last night but you were looking for your friend. You must help him."

Bob was so overtaken by this speech he could hardly answer her. Finally he said, "Yes I want to help him, it is quite a mystery to me. Maybe you can help me."

"Yes I can help you, go to the shack at ten-thirty tonight and save him. Go in the west window and then turn to your left in the corner. You will find a trap door that leads you into a little hall. At the farther end of the hall is a window. Look into the window and there is where he will be. I warn you to take some one with you."

"But who are these men and what business are they in?" inquired Bob.

"In very unlawful business I must not tell you. It is my guardian at the head of it and then she broke out crying. "Oh they would kill me if they knew I had told," and then she stopped and looked at him and said, "Well I must go, goodbye sir, I hope we'll meet again," and as she looked at him something within Bob told her they would and then she was gone.

The next thing Bob was to do was to get help. He went to the home of a good chum of his and Tom's. He and his brother promised help. Bob wandered around im-

patiently nearly all the rest of the evening, until about nine-thirty. He met the boys and they started for the old shack. They had gone about two squares and they met Tom going the same way. He was on his way to the old house. They hid between a house until he passed and then they ventured on.

It was about ten-fifteen when they arrived at the house. They opened the window and there sat Tom tied by his feet and sitting in a chair with three big men standing around him. One holding a pencil and paper. They called him Big Bill. They heard him say, "Sign this and hurry up."

"We've got you now."

"We'll kill you if you don't sign this."

"We can't let you go now. You know all our secrets now and you could turn us over to the police. But if you sign this and then tell, why you go too."

These remarks were made by all three of men alternately.

"But," insisted Tom, "This is a very unlawful affair, and I can not submit to this."

Bob, for the first time looked on the other side of the room. There was huge machinery there. He understood it all clear enough. They were counterfeiters and they wanted Tom, the expert machinist to do skillful work for them.

He stood there waiting to see if Tom would do the right thing— —to resist the temptation to get wealthy dishonestly. Tom sat there for a long while, then finally he shook his head and said, "No. If I die, I die with a clear conscience."

They all rushed at Tom and began choking him and then Bob and his friends rushed in and saved Tom. They immediately turned the counterfeiters over to the police.

That night when Bob and Tom were walking home with their arms around each other, they met the girl who had saved Tom's life. Her wish had come true—they had met again. This was not the last time they met. Many years afterward they recalled the events of that evening together.

Katherine King.

PEGGY'S ADVENTURE

Peggy Clark, travelling bag in hand, tripped eagerly up the steps of Lindley Hall, to be greeted by a vociferous cry of "Peggy" and to be engulfed in the embraces of several girls.

"At last," sighed Peggy, as she sank into a chair in Ruth Hayes' room, "at last I am to attend a frat dance! In all my seventeen years I was never so excited. I do wish something thrilling would happen!"

"Well, my dear," drawled Ruth from the far side of the room, "you've made a rather startling beginning. Do you always carry a gentlemen's evening suit and a revolver?"

"Great grief!" cried Peggy, bending over the travelling bag and surveying those masculine articles, "and I had such a dream of a new dance frok too! Oh, what a ducky frat pin!" Seizing a handsome jewelled pin on the lapel of the coat. "I'll tell you what, just to pay for the inconvenience this young man has caused me, I shall wear his pin to the dance and be his fiancée for the evening. Here's a card case, "Neal Moore," do any of you know him?"

"Never heard of him," chorused the girls, as Ruth, winking at the girls hastily tucked a photograph of a dark, handsome young man antographed "Neal" in a handy drawer and quietly slipped out of the room.

At the same time, across the campus in Berkely Hall, Neal Moore and a group of boys stood gazing stupidly at one another across the shimmering pink contents of


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a travelling bag. Suddenly the door burst open, admitting Harry Kempe the practical joker of the college.

"Lo, fellows, say Neal have you a feminine appearing travelling bag? "—step-ping nearer—" rather eh? Ruth Hayes has been telling me that in some unaccountable manner, Peggy Clark, a charming friend of hers, has acquired your suit case and has every intention of wearing your frat pin to the dance. The girls told her they didn't know you — I say Neal," picking up a pair of dainty pink silk hose, "you wear these to the dance to-nite and leave the rest to me! I shall have the first dance with Miss Clark."

Toward the latter part of the first dance, Peggy became gleefully aware that her partner's eyes were fastened on the frat pin so conspicuously displayed on her borrowed dress.

"Miss Clark," he began, "don't think me inquisitive, but may I inquire who the the lucky fellow is?"

"Certainly," answered Peggy, grasping wildly for a name, "Bill Jones."

"H'm rather a common name."

"Yes, but Bill isn't common. He's awfully good looking, and a star at football. I'm surprised that you've never heard of Bill Jones!"

"Big Bill Jones," he said enthusiastically, "well rather! We're old pals, and you're Bill's girl! Well, well, well. I say! Bill half-way promised to come to-night if he could."

Peggy's feet refused to take the steps correctly, although she managed to murmur faintly, "He didn't tell me a thing about it."

"Wanted to surprise you probably. Say, there he is now," and before another minute Peggy was being literally dragged toward a handsome young man who stood looking at her as though they had been separated for a long time and he was enchanted at seeing her again.

For one awful minute her knees shook, her throat became dry and she half contemplated flight— Then with a toss of her head Peggy was herself again.

"I should worry it's just a lark! Perhaps this is the thrilling adventure I was looking for," thought Peggy.

"Greetings, Peggy dear," remarked Neal in a tone so natural that the young lady was smitten with admiration.

"Rather horrid of you, Bill," murmured Peggy, sweetly, slipping her arm through his and tapping him affectionately with her fan, "not to tell me you were coming so's I could save some dances for you, as it is they are all taken."

"Never mind, my children," broke in Harry, looking significantly at the frat pin, "Bill, of course has the preference so go your lovesick way for the evening is yours." In another second Peggy was swept out onto the floor.

As the evening progressed it became apparent to the interested onlookers that the temporarily engaged couple were certainly enjoying themselves—and what was more amusing was that Neal who did not easily fall for a new girl had certainly fallen for Peggy.

Toward the last of the evening Neal suggested a stroll across the moon-lit campus. When they came to the tiny rustic bridge, Neal stopped and after looking queerly at the moon for some time remarked in an odd voice, "Peggy, you dear! I'm wild about you!" he wheeled about and caught her in his arms.

"I wouldn't if I were you," laughed Peggy lightly, dodging away from him, though her heart bade her stay. "You're not the right Bill you know." This was the first that had been said about the matter. Peggy now wished she had left the words unsaid. She looked down at the toe of her slipper.

"By George! I wish I were the right Bill," cried Neal his hand shaking so that he dropped the match with which he was lighting his cigarette.

Both stooped for it and in the momentary flare, Peggy spied her pink silk clocked hose.

"You—you—," she stuttered, "why you're not even Bill at all. You're — you're—why you're Neal Moore. Take off my hose at once! Here take your old frat pin."

"Oh, I say, Peggy—Miss Clark, it was all in fun. I had forgotten about the hose. I really wouldn't have worn them if Kempe had not insisted. You've been such a good sport, please don't be angry."

"Give—me—my—hose," frigidly. In a short time Neal returned, walking in the peculiar manner of one whose bare feet had been thrust into tight patent leather pumps.

"Here are your hose," in a very dignified tone. "I will send over your travelling bag first thing in the morning. You will oblige me by doing the same. If I have offended you I am sorry," and with that he was gone.

Peggy sighed, gazed at the retreating figure with a queer sinking in her heart, and walked slowly back to Lindley Hall. It was a very heart-sick girl who mounted the west-bound train next morning, and settled into a seat. With tears in her eyes she gazed at the cold gray sky and the deserted station platform. So this was the end of her adventure!! If she only had been a little less hasty. Oh, well, no use crying over spilled milk.

The train gave a warning toot. A bareheaded youth rushed to Peggy's window. It was Neal!

"Peggy! I just couldn't let you go without telling you—er—ah—that I want you to take my pin." He thrust it into her hand. "I want you to keep it and wear it, and I—I—and I—,"

"And you," cried Peggy, happily, as the train began to gain speed, "you can be the real Bill."

Goldie Martzall

One day as I was riding along toward home, in my Rolls Ruff, I suddenly took a desire to kick it open and see what it would do. I placed my number ten shoe on the accelerator and let her have the gas. Thirty—forty—fifty and finally sixty. Then I don't know just what happened but the next thing I remember I was crawling out from under my pile of junk, because that was what it was now, and nothing but junk. I doubt if I could have sold it to a junk man for more than a quarter.

I crawled on up to a little hill and from there all I could see was a small house. I made my way to it and there I was greeted by an old man who looked like a cross between a box of lemons and an Angora cat. I asked him the way to the nearest town and he merely looked at me and then he looked at a small thing he had in his hand which of course I also looked at. It looked like a watch but I realized that it must be more than a watch or he would not have looked at it so funny.

I asked him what it was, thinking that it was a watch in his hand he would surely tell me what time of day it was. I received no reply, and I began to think that maybe he was a lunatic or else he was deaf and dumb.

In a minute he said, "Come into my house and I will see what I can do for you."

In the house he had a work shop which to my knowledge was not a carpenter's or a boiler makers' shop because he had not only tools but jars full of chemicals or something on that order. Now there are lots of places I would just as soon have been as in this house with this man. I watched him and in a minute or so he turned around and grinned. He would have made a dead man laugh or I am a liar. He held up the instrument and said, "Ain't she a dandy?" I agreed that it was and he asked me to come into his yard, which I did.

Now I didn't care about making a monkey out of myself so when he asked me

to hold the thing a minute I told him my arm was too weak. Now the look he gave me would have scared most people to death. How I kept from dying you shall hear later.

I took the object which was covered with buttons and levers whose names were printed on them except one. He asked me to push on a certain button which I did. I was lifted up over the wood shed none too gently and lit on the other side just as safe as could be but a bit leary of the thing. I pushed on it again and went back over the shed. The old man seemed to be tickled to death and then told me to press on the next button which I did. This time I left the ground about four feet and sailed in a circle, finally landing where I had started. My curiosity was now getting the best of me and I asked him what the thing was and what the purpose was. He was so excited that he could hardly talk but he managed to tell me that he called it "radioliteograph." Such a name! I knew about as much as I did before.

The old man then told me to pull out on the lever on the side of the instrument never to touch the button on the end of it. I did as I was told and soon went sailing up into the air where I could see my wrecked machine. Not until now did I begin to think how I was to get down to earth again. Both other times I had come down naturally, but this time I seemed to be going higher and higher, and circling above my machine. It was beginning to get dark and I was growing desperate. With nothing else left to do I, at length, pushed on the button in the end of the lever. I started down all right, but not the way I would have liked to. I came down fast. Yes, right down on the crank of my machine. I tried to move, but my back hurt terribly. Now it seemed that some one was pulling on my arm. In a minute I opened my eyes and sure enough there was some one there. My first thought was to see if I still had the "radioliteograph." On looking I saw nothing but my watch, or rather what was left of it. My legs were pinned under the wheel and were giving me great pain. After I was taken from the wreck I was told that a train had hit me. When I asked how long it had been before I came to they told me about five minutes. Would I sit up at night and read this story to the children? Foolish question No. 99,999,999.

WILLARD KNAPP.

## A PLEASANT EVENING

Time:- Winter evening about seven o'clock.

Place:- Library of Mr. Black's home.

Moderately well furnished.

Circumstances:- Mr. Black is left at home to take care of the children, while his wife goes to the theatre.

He is trying hard to read.

Characters:-

Mr. Black - - a man about 35 years of age.

Mrs. Black - - a woman of about the same age.

Betty Black - - their four year old daughter.

Joe Black - - their nine year old son.

(Mr. Black is seated before the fire with a newspaper. Joe is also sitting before the fire with a book. Betty is playing with her dolls.)

Betty:-"Rock-a-bye- baby in the tree top

When the wind blows the cradle will rock." (sings and rocks.)

Now den dat baby is asleep. (puts that doll down and picks up another;

its arm comes off.) Oh! Daddy my dolly's arm dist tum off. Wc'n't you fis it for me?

Mr. Black:- I suppose I can. (Takes doll and examines it) Joseph, get me the glue. (No answer) Joseph, (loudly) I said get me the glue.

Joe:- Oh! gosh, Dad, how can you expect a feller to ever git his lesscns, when he has to run after glue to fix silly old dolls.

(Exit Joe.)

Betty:- My dolls aint silly, Joe Black- -dey dist as sweet as sugar  
(Enter Joe with glue.)

Joe:- There's the glue. Now Miss Betty Black see if you can cause scme more trouble and bother me. (Resumes reading.)

Mr. Black:- (After doll is fixed.) There you are Betty, but do let Daddy read now. (Picks up paper).

Betty:- (To dolls) Dey d'st all like to read and don't want to bother wid me, but you louz me don't ycu? (Rocks and sings again. Few minutes silence.)

Joe:- Say, Dad!

Mr. Black:- Well?

Joe:- What does "excessive" mean?

Mr. Black:- Excessive? Well that means - - - let me see. Say, when your mother gets a ten dollar hat and pays twenty dollars for it, that's an excessive amount because it is more than is necessary.

Joe:- Oh, I see.

Betty:- Well mover never does anything like that.

Mr. Black:- Now, Betty, I was just supposing.

(Joe puts up his book, takes another and a paper and pencil.)

Joe:- Gee, whiz! I just can't remember them multiplication tables!

Dad, is 6X6, 36 or 38?

Mr. Black:- Why, son don't you know that? It's 36 of course. Don't bother me with that arithmetic now. I haven't been able to read one article yet.

(Betty puts her toys away and comes around by Mr. Black.)

Betty:- What's a article Daddy?

Mr. Black:- Oh! you wouldn't know if I told you. DO BE STILL..

Betty:- Please, Daddy, don't dit cwiss. (Looks over his shoulder at the paper awhile.) Oh, Daddy! What's that man got?

Mr. Black:-Oh, I don't know.

Betty:- Yes, you do. Now tell me?

Mr. Black:- I guess it's a thermometer. Now go sit down.

Betty:- Why, what's a fermometer? (No answer.) Answer me Daddy.

Mr. Black:-It is an instrument to tell how hot anything is. Now does that satisfy you? (Silence awhile.)

Joe:- Dad this problem says that six apples cost ten cents, and wants to know how much a dozen will cost. Do you mutiply by 12? There's 12 in a dozen.

Mr. Black:- Joseph Black you don't know anything since you have all those new young teachers. You multiply 10 cents by 2, because there are 2 sixes in one dozen.

Joe:- Oh, I see. Well now this one - - - -

Mr. Black:- Do get them yourself I'm not going to get your lessons for you I'm going to read.

(Another short pause.)

Betty:- Oh, what's that say?

Mr. Black:- I don't know.

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Betty:- Daddy? (no answer) Daddy? (still no answer) Daddy I want a dink.

Mr. Black:- Joseph, get Betty a drink.

Joe:-Oh, shucks! I'm busy. Why don't you do it yourself.

Mr. Black:- Now I'll have no such talk from you.

Mrs. Black:- Hello everybody! (Betty runs to her mother.)

Betty :- (Sobbing) Nobody will dit me a dink and Daddy's been so cwoss and I don't want you to go away any more.

Mrs. Black:- There! There! Why John haven't you enjoyed this pleasant evening with the children. ?

Mr. Black:- (sarcastically) Yes, immensely. (Throws paper down) I'll see if I can enjoy the bed as well.

Curtain

Mary Dunkle

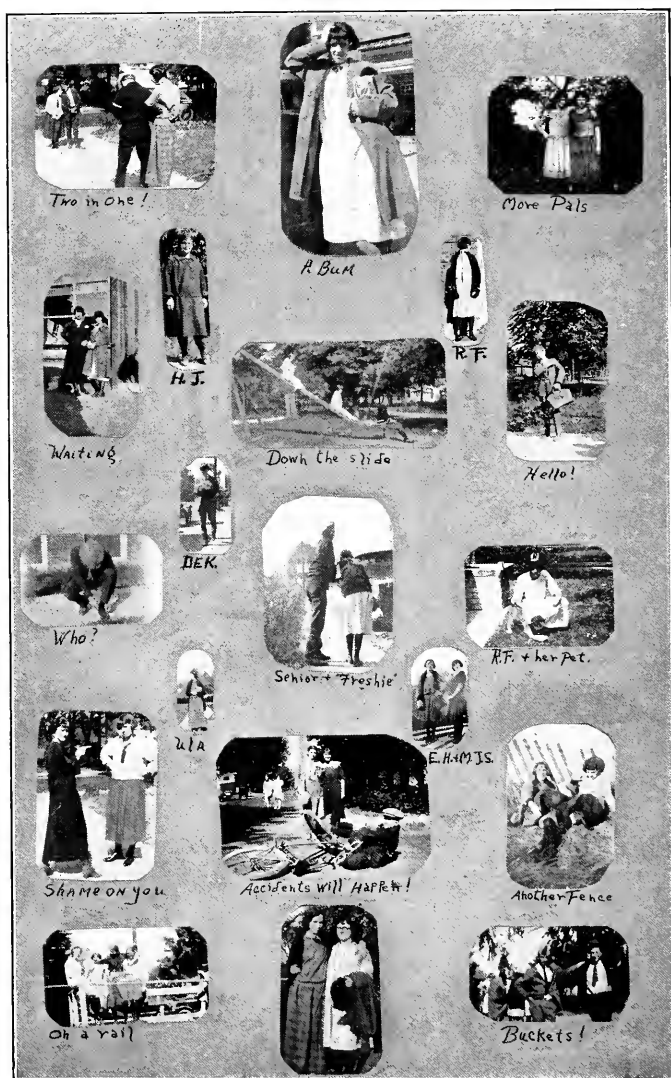
A LITTLE PUNISHMENT

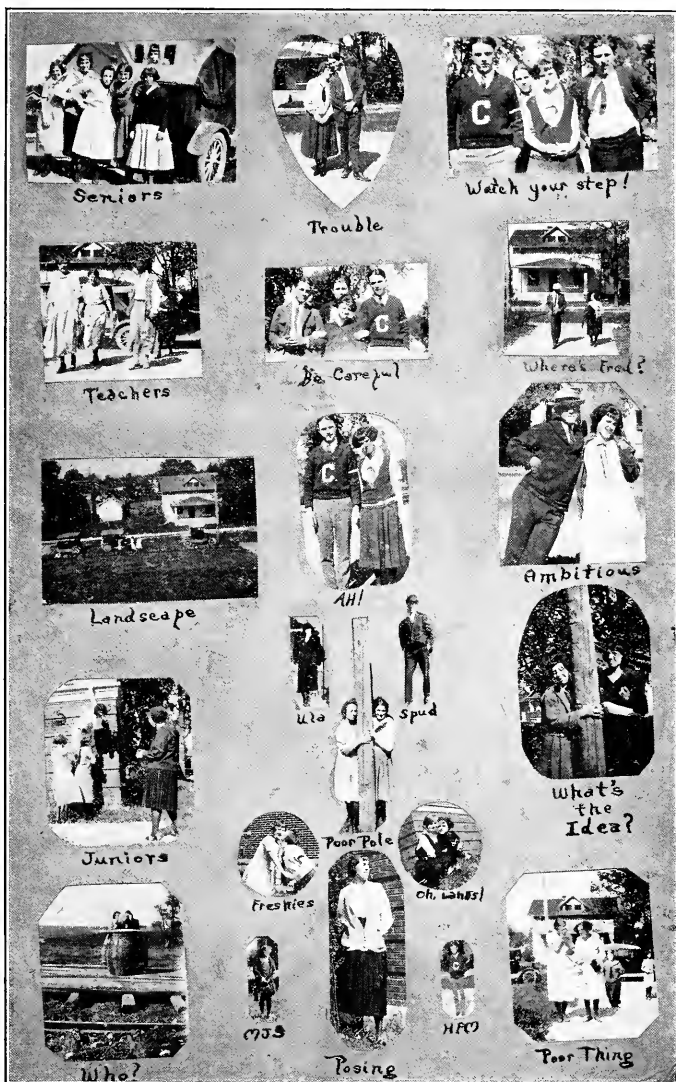
One Friday afternoon when there was a high skiff of snow three boys decided to go rabbit hunting. One boy had been told that morning that he could not play basket ball because of his grades while another had been called down in one of his classes and the third—well he just thot that he would keep the others company.

Hunting never had seemed such a delightful adventure. Promptly at twelve o'clock two of the boys started north to get the third member of their party. Our high spirits did not last long for in the north part of town we met one of the teachers and this seemed to be the turn of the tide. Somehow the misgiving of what Monday might bring kept coming up as we walked on thru fields and woods.

At three o'clock we came back tired, with wet feet and without any rabbits or excuse which we needed the most. When we came up thru town some of the loafers on the street asked why we were not in school, we informed them that there wasn't any school.

The first of the week finally came and it found every one at school with his Monday morning smile even the "outlaws." School took up as usual when Miss Meerhoff started reading our names. Then we trudged slowly down the slate steps to the "Garden spot of the World." Mr. Ranck said at first "Well boys, this is a serious offense so its up to me to give you a little punishment." Then he solemnly told us our sentence was; suspended from school for three days, twenty per cent off our grades, one of our parents would need to come back with us and we must make 90 per cent in deportment. We all wonderded just what he meant by a little punishment but we won't go hunting soon again—no not on a school day.







School Social Calender

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 21.

On Friday evening September 21, 1923, the Senior class of the C. H. S. went for a hike (in machines.) We went west to the first road which leads to an ideal place for a weiner roast.

We played games while three of the fellows built a fire. These three were: Mr. Dea Kyne, Harold May, and Kenneth Hatfield.

Although there was a lot of personal property lost everyone enjoyed a nice time even Mrs. Kitterman. We roasted weiners, toasted marshmallows and fried hamburgers. Those present were: Charleine Beck, Hazel Crouch, Mary Dunkle, Helen Gower, Vinnie Joslin, Mildred McConaha, Ula Pike, Nellie Townsend, Margaret Williams, Alice Wissler, Esther Anderson, Nazoma Means, Ralph Harrell, Kenneth Hatfield, Charles Doherty, Maynard Henwood, Irvin Hamilton, Harold May, and David Wambo. The chaperons were: Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Kitterman, Mary Dickson and Hollis DeaKyne.

MONDAY, OCTOBER, 29.

On Monday evening October 29, Nazoma Means entertained the members of the Senior class to a masquerade party. The most of them came masked. After they had been guessed, they unmasked and started playing games. About 8:30 a machine of Juniors drove up and the Senior fellows started after them. The Juniors stated they broke up the party, but it was 11:45 when we started home. We'll leave it to your judgement whether the party was broken up or not. At a late hour refreshments of sandwiches, pumpkin pie, doughnuts and cider were served. Those attending the party were: Misses Esther Kantner, Helen Brumfield, Margaret Williams, Nellie Townsend, Esther Anderson, Charlene Beck, Ethel Anderson, Hazel Crouch, Mary Dunkle, Audrey Dynes, Helen Gower, Vinnie Joslin, Mildred McConaha, Ula Pike, Alice Wissler. Messrs. David Wambo, Irvin Hamilton, Harold May, Kenneth Hatfield, Ralph Harrell, Maynard Henwood, Howard Kantner, Maurice and Clifford Means, Mrs. Kitterman, Mrs. Hamilton, and Miss Dickson.

JUNIOR PARTY OCTOBER, 29

One night in October the Senior Class of Centerville High planned to have a party at the home of Nazoma Means. The perpy Juniors decided to make a Junior Senior party so they met at McKinney's cab'n and talked over their plans. They finally decided to start to Means' in Noble and Paul's machine and bravely drove up Means' lane. The Seniors knew at once what it all meant and the Senior boys followed them and a grand frolic ensued. The Juniors were determined to tie Maynard and Ralph up in the wood shed. Ralph succeeded in getting away but Maynard was tied for a little while. The Senior boys soon came to his rescue and forced the Juniors to let him go.

It seems this was a friendly scrap which could not be decided whether it was a victory for the Seniors or Juniors.

SOPHOMORES

On Monday evening a few weeks after school started the Sophomore Class decided to have a hike.

The feast of winners and pickles was held in the midst of great palms. Games were played untill 7:30 at which time the teachers were sleepy so the party adjourned.

We hiked to Medearis's woods along the creek and were guarded by two teachers to keep us from falling into the water.

FRESHMAN

With the aid of Mrs. Ham'lton the Freshmen Class put over a Halloween party with great success.

Everyone came masked, the "password" being "geranium." The first was a ghost walk all through the building. Being masked they stumbled around over old boxes, wet mops etc.

A prize was offered for the best dressed and the most comical dressed: Kendal Mathews and Virgil Bertram being the winners. Many games were then played and ghost stories were told.

After an evening of fun the refreshment committee served pumpkin pie, apples and cider to the class.

JUNIOR—FRESHMEN PARTY

The last week of September the Freshman Class was invited by the Juniors, to attend a party to be given in the High School Gym.

Quite a large number of the class were there and a very enjoyable time was held. Mr. Ranck was the only teacher present. We played many games and every-one's fortune was told. After this delicious refreshments were served of popcorn balls, fruit punch and apples.

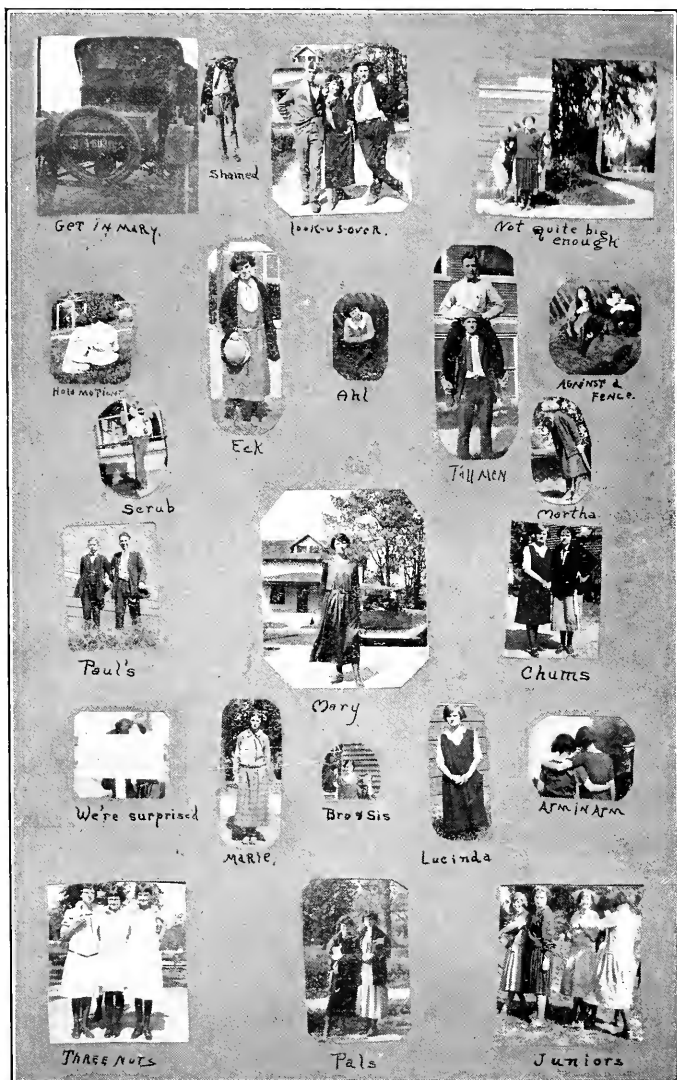
Thank you, Juniors! Everyone had a fine time!

FRESHMEN HIKE

About About three weeks after school had taken up the call of the open came to the Freshmen asusual and they began to fly around to find someone to go on a weiner roastwiththem. Miss Dickson and Mrs. Hamilton consented to go.

We met one night at 4 o'clock, intending to walk southwest of town to the creek. But we decided to go in fords. The boys had to practice basket-ball and so didn't come till about 5:30.

We had lots of fun eating weiners and marshmallows, and afterwards played games and sat around the fire telling ghost stories. About 7:30 we all piled into the fords and came home. Every one had a good time.





BRITE AND FARE

SEPTEMBER 1923

- Mon. 3—Back to the old stamping grounds again for another eight months. Everyone got along fine to-day.
- Tues. 4—Mr. Ranck read some rules this morning. He's getting an early start isn't he? We were introduced to the new teachers to-day—
- Wed. 5—Picture show to-night.
- Thurs. 6—We had music to-day. The music teacher is awful proud of us.
- Fri. 7—A teacher quit us to-day. She surely didn't like the looks of us.
- Mon. 10—Everyone is getting down to business, even if it is Monday morning.
- Tues. 11—Maynard is still singing his favorite song, "Yes we have no bananas." We hope to get him worked up to perfection, so if we give an entertainment we'll have something prepared.
- Wed. 12—Everett Spotts and "Pickle" Tice had a free-for-all fight to-day.
- Thurs. 13—Dismissed for Wayne County fair.
- Fri. 14—Everyone talking about the fair. Paul Clevenger says he'd ride in the diving automobile for a dollar.
- Mon. 17—Seniors elected Staff for the annual tonight.
- Tues. 18—A certain Sen'or girl seems to be boot-legging hard cider to-day Who? Cecil Burris found out that he couldn't leave assembly during certain periods.
- Wed. 19—Sen'or girls called to Room 12. We wonder why? Ralph Harrell learned s'x times nine are fifty-four.
- Thurs. 20—Dead time to-day. Nothing happened, no fights nor nothing.
- Fri. 21—"Irish" McCoy was caught chewing gum in book-keeping class. He had so much he couldn't shut his mouth.
- Mon. 24—The students are now taking up a course on what to wear.
- Tues. 25—Music teacher said we were a sleepy bunch. Almost as bad as Monday morning.
- Wed. 26—Resolved: "It is much better to act like gentlemen at a picture show, and not like heathens."
- Thurs. 27—Meeks found out that it does not always pay to scratch your head while in deep thought.
- Fri. 28—Salesmen are looking around the school. We bet the Juniors have something up their sleeves.

OCTOBER 1923

- Mon. 1—Sleepy Monday. Looks like Eb Sturgis had a date last night. We wonder who she was. Maynard Henwood failed to arise ? ?
- Tues. 2—Basket-ball team started practice to-day. Perhaps ? ? ? ! ! !
- Wed. 3—DeaKyne says no loafing up town after 7:30 on Monday, Tuesday Wednesday Thursday. Be up in your grades. Oh! you poor boys!
- Thurs. 4—Basket-ball players getting good, they didn't even need any practice on Thursday night.
- Fri. 5—Staff is working hard on the annual.
- Mon. 8—Bad luck! Ralph Harrell got hurt and "Tiny" Ridenour broke his arm. First Parent-Teachers meeting to-night.
- Tues. 9—We do not get to have parties unless we have chaperons, get permission to have it, and don't have them during the week. Suppose we will have to leave until next summer.
- Wed. 10—Mr. Ranck seemed to think a lot of Esther, Nazoma and Charliene.
- Thurs. 11—The Senior girls say they enjoy making candy, but Oh! you mornning after the night before.

EIGHTY-THREE

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Fri. 12—We're longing for a Junior fight.

Mon. 15—Every one had a lot of pep for Monday morning.

Tues. 16—Music to-day We sing the same old songs all the time. They are getting stale. Wonder if we will have to sing them all year.

Wed. 17—Best news since school started. We do not have to come to school the rest of the week.

Mon. 22—Back again! Vacation was too short.

Tues. 23—Senior girls did not come to Physics class until the period was half over they were down in Miss Boyd's room. Wonder what was the matter?

Wed. 24—Picture show to-night. Nothing going on!

Thur. 25—A certain Senior had hard luck to-night.

Fri. 26—Centerville started the Basket-ball season by playing Milton. We got beat, but that doesn't make us down hearted.

Mon. 29—Seniors had a party. The Juniors showed up several times through the evening, but were evidently scared away, for they went away in a hurry. This sounds queer. Doesn't it Juniors?

Tues. 30—Some of the boys came to school looking sleepy and with torn clothing Seniors and Juniors both.

Wed. 31—Halloween. Many strange things happened. The Juniors tried to make us believe they were going to have a party. They thought we would bite and try and get revenge. But we didn't!

#### NOVEMBER 1923

Thur. 1—The school yard is a fright, also the town. Evidently there were several Halloween jokers prowling around last night.

Fri. 2—We lost the second Basket-ball game to Mooreland. The game was hard fought. Better luck next time.

Mon. 5—Alice Wissler does not always say what she means.

Tues. 6—Dorothy McKinney has plenty of barn paint on her face this morning. "Pickle" Tice and "Irish" McCoy attended to business in Richmond the last two periods.

Wed. 7—Kenneth and Bertha simply can't agree any more. There is talk of installing an elevator in the school so Miss Boyd can go up-stairs without falling down.

Thur. 8—Harold and Jyle May spent the opening period talking to DeaKyne. What will these boys do next?

Fri. 9—Eight students played hooky to-day. We know it was awful to stay at school but it will be worse to come back. Team lost to Brownsville.

Mon. 12—Armistice. Hurrah! No school.

Tues. 13—Those that played hooky Friday were suspended from school today.

Wed. 14—Nothing doing but hard work. We all wish that we had been suspended.

Thur. 15—Paul Early said that he was going to try to get Uncle Sam's position after Sam is done with it. It will be Uncle Paul then.

Fri. 16—"Red" Beck went to sleep in English class to-day.

Mon. 19—Miss Boyd asked Miss Terrill today if she wouldn't be a star on the stage Miss Terrill said she would look like a regular comet.

Tues. 20—Mrs. Kitterman was caught chewing gum in Bookkeeping class to-day.

Wed. 21—Russell Hosier had an automobile accident to-day. There's getting to be too many reckless fellows anymore.

Thur. 22—The reason Dave Wambo has such good Physics lessons, is because he sleeps with the books under his pillow every nite.

Fri. 23—Special car went to Cambridge to night to see the Basket-ball game to night.

\*\*\*\*\*

We got beat one point. (Crooked Referee)

Mon. 26—Jyle May says that Geometry is that branch of Mathematics that deals with angels. (angles)

Tues. 27—Everthing worked like a clock to-day. Even Miss Boyd got along with everyone.

Wed. 28—The Centerville vs. Williamsburg game was played here tonight. We won. Most of the boys are going to the Conference this week-end. Thanksgiving feast to-morrow.

#### DECEMBER 1923

Mon. 3—Herbert Hamilton has skunk on him to-day. The windows were kept open to-day.

Tues. 4—The Seniors are having some important debates in English class.

Wed. 5—Miss Boyd and some of the girls are having a dispute over a mirror. Wonder who needs it worse?

Thur. 6—Nothing happened outside of the usual grind.

Fri. 7—Centerville beat Boston here to-night. Ain't we good?

Mon. 10—Sleepy Monday! The Faculty were all out late last night.

Tues. 11—"Red" Anderson had a grouch on to-day. What's the matter "Red?"

Wed. 12—Certain person celebrated a holiday to-day. Look's like they might wait until time, before they pull off that stunt.

Thur. 13—Miss Boyd still has her sunny disposition and winning ways.

Fri. 14—Team lost to Lewisville. Oh what hard luck!

Mon. 17—Good news, we won't have the exams until next semester.

Tues. 18—Mrs. Kitterman just can't help chewing gum. A bad habit is hard to break.

Wed. 19—Everybody reviewing for examination. We certainly need it.

Thur. 20—Had Christmas exercises in Auditorium to-day. Some Class.

Fri. 21—So long school. See you next semester. Team lost to Brownsville to-night.

Mon. 31—Back to school aga'n. Gee! wish we had had exams before Christmas.

#### JANUARY 1924

Tues. 1—Leap year. Now girls here's your chance. Make your resolution now.

Wed. 2—Senior's went to get their pictures taken for the annual to-day.

Thur. 3—Exams to-day. Every one is wearing a serious look.

Fri. 4—More exams. Have mercy on us. Team lost to Fountain City to-night.

Mon. 7—Officers for the school council are being chosen. Will it be a success?

Tues. 8—The police force was elected to-day. We ought to have order. Nearly everyone is a cop.

Wed. 9—Talk about educational shows, we wonder what they mean? Suppose they mean a fellow has to have a good education to understand them.

Thur. 10—Miss Terrill got peeved because the boys did not sing just exactly to suit her. What does she expect?

Fri. 11—Nothing going on. Team lost to Whitewater. Outside of this there is no news.

Mon. 14—Centerville beat Lewisville last night by a large score.

Perhaps our luck will change from what it has been.

Tues. 15—Esther Kantner is still running our new classmate. Good luck to you Esther.

Wed. 16—Since the new laws went into effect a fellow has to be pretty careful. According to one announcement, we will have to see the Principle, Superintendent, and Trustee, and get permission to breathe. It makes a fellow think, "What's the use living?"

Thur. 17—The new Public Speaking Class consists of members of three classes. Mr. Ranck says that the class promises great talent.

Fri. 18—We beat Caambridge in a hair-raising game here to-night.

Mon. 21—Petition out against Student Council. Nearly everyone signed it.

Tues. 22—Mr. Ranck said not to let the Student Council drop. Perhaps there won't be

so many arrests made though.  
 Wed. 23—Latest reports say that Vinnie Joslin has begun stepping out.  
 Thur. 24—Nothing happened, only, the boys sang in music class today.  
 Fri. 25—Sad News. Miss Terrill is quitting us to-day. She leaves many friends in C. H. S.  
 Mon. 28—Miss Cox came to take Miss Terrill's place.  
 Tues. 29—Farmer's Institute here to-day and to-morrow. We were allowed to attend once to-day.  
 Wed. 30—More Institute.

## FEBRUARY 1924

Fri. 1—We hope that the girls will make good use of the next eleven months of leap year. Centerville, warped Fountain City here to-night.  
 Mon. 4—Hattie and Miss Boyd had a fight to-day. He will probably be able to come to school the last of the week.  
 Tues. 5—Senior class met in chapel to-day. They're going to make actor and actresses out of us yet.  
 Wed. 6—Ralph Harrell and Audrey Dynes can't get along very well since she poked him in the ribs with a meter stick.  
 Thur. 7—Things went sort of slow to-day.  
 Fri. 8—Mooreland beat us to-night.  
 Mon. 11—We were entertained to-night by Mr. Cady's lecture, "Forty minutes with the Stars."  
 Tues. 17—A short program was given in honor of Abraham Lincoln's birthday.  
 Wed. 18—We have recieved several new books for our library.  
 Thur. 14—The High School is invited to go to the M. E. church to-night.  
 Fri. 15—Helen Gower says she is going to wait till next leap year to get her a man.  
 Mon. 18—Alice Wissler's neck is improving very fast. Ask Esther Kantner and Charlene Beck if they enjoyed the B. B. game.  
 Tues. 19—Ask the Sophomores who won the Sophomore-Senior B. B. game today.  
 Wed. 20—Dandy picture show tonight.  
 Thur. 21—Irvin Hamilton gave a few instructions on how to drive an automobile.  
 Fri. 22—We beat Boston to-night on their own floor.  
 Tues. 26—Maynard Henwood recieved another car load of Hair Groom this morning  
 Wed. 29—Margaret Williams taught the eighth grade to-day.  
 Thur. 28—Corn show at Richmond. Several went.  
 Fri. 29—Tournament. Half holiday. Got beat the second game.

## MARCH 1924

Tues. 4—Hurrah! Mary Jane winked at me to-day.  
 Thurs. 6—We wonder if Orville Cain isn't kind of lonesome since the close of the Basket Ball season.  
 Fri. 7—Howard Kantner is stepping out here of late.  
 Mon. 10—Mr. Ranck is giving the Public Speaking class a lot of time so they can rehearse for the contest Friday night.  
 Tues. 11—Mr. Sanders gave a small lecture to a certain Senior to-day in labatory.  
 Wed. 12—Juniors are having lots of meetings. Wonder if they are going to have any more slumber parties?  
 Thurs. 13—Bean sandwiches will be served for dinner to-day.  
 Fri. 14—Ask Miss Meerhoff who won the State Basket Ball Tournament.  
 Mon. 17—Mrs. Kitterman has lots of literature to read that she collects from the students. She captured a note from Hazel Crouch to-day. Wonder if she ever wrote any notes or letters?  
 Thurs. 20—Too bad old diary we can't write the exciting times that happen at the end of the year; but you're off for the press. "Nuff Sed."







# THE CENTERVILLE REPORTER

1ST EDITION

DECEMBER 31, 1944.

VOLUME 1

## Irvin Hamilton Writes From India

The following letter was received from Mr. Hamilton by Mr. Ranck.

Calcutta, India

Dec. 1, 1944

Dear Mr. Ranck:

It has been twenty long years since our class graduated from good old C. H. S. As you were superintendent at that time I thought perhaps you might be interested in what I am going to tell you.

As you know, I am a writer and travel a great deal, partly so I will have something to write about but mostly for the adventure and to satisfy a roving disposition.

Since I left my home in San Carlos, Arizona two years ago I have walked on every continent and sailed every sea, but the best part of it is that I have seen all of my classmates of 1924.

From Arizona I went to California. One day while facing the perils of Death Valley I met a prospector astride an old mule. Much to my surprise he called me by name. At first I did not recognize him because of his heavy beard and I found him to be Orville Cain. I asked him what he was doing in this waste land. He turned and pointed back to the North and I saw a rider coming toward us. When he saw the rider he seemed to be in a hurry and all he would say was, "She never lets up." I tried to get him to

go with me but he seemed afraid, so our paths lay in different directions. As I journeyed on I wondered why he acted so queer. Soon I came up with the other rider, imagine my surprise when I discovered it was a woman. The most uncommon sight on a desert is a woman by herself. I was dumbfounded when I recognized her as Esther Katner. She was weary, her raiment covered with alkali, and her voice was cracked but a look of determination was in her eye as she kept looking South. Esther did not know me and I couldn't make her understand who I was. I never could get this straightened out so I am giving this to you as I see it.

I did not see any one else until I got to Centerville and ran my "fliver" in what used to be the Ford Garage but is now owned by David Wambo. He seems to be doing a thriving business. While in town I met Mrs. Higgins and was invited out to dinner. Mrs. Higgins was formerly Alice Wissler.

Audrey Dynes used to be a good "Wissler" but she has changed since and has taken to singing.

I visited Kenneth and Ula on Hawthorne Farm. They are doing a big business, and are very prominent people.

Helen Gower is employed (Continued on Page 2)

## Prominent Centerville Boy Takes Up Special Course

Kermit Beck King left yesterday for Indianapolis where he will take up a special course in Physics. He was graduated from C. H. S. with honor of having the highest grades. Some would like to know where he got his knowledge of Science. Probably from his mother Mrs. King, nee Charleine Beck.

## Daring Rescue Leads To Engagement

Word was received here to-day of the engagement of Madame H Crouch well known Vaudeville actor, to Orville Cain, air pilot. Perhaps the public remembers reading of the brave rescue of Madam Crouch by Mr. Cain.

## Firemen Make One Run Over Week End

Smoke from a curling iron was responsible for an alarm which called out the fire department run by Chief Rau, at ten o'clock Monday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Terry at 25 North Morton Avenue. Losses: Mrs. Terry, nee Katherine King burnt her beautiful hair.

# IRVIN HAMILTON WRITES

(Continued from Page 1)

ed by the City Restaurant at Richmond. Latest reports are, she is a good hash thrower. All the rest of the class are scattered over the world. I was getting restless so I cranked the old "flivver" and started on.

I walked into a bank in New York and there sat Ralph Harrell behind the Cashier's desk. We used to be crooks together so I finally succeeded in borrowing some cold cash.

The winter was getting cold so I headed for Florida. One day while lounging around a summer resort, my attention was attracted by a stout lady, with much paint and powder on, looking through some society eye-glass leading a little old man, who judging by the way he walked must be of great importance. While smiling to myself, I happened to recognize her as Hazel Crouch. I stepped out joyously and spoke to her. She simply said, "Howdy do," and turned away. I heard her mutter something about "Worms in the Dust." She must have named somebody with a title.

Florida has no whim for me so I took a boat for Europe. I had been out two days when I saw the head cook on the vessel, she was Helen Brumfield. All the rest of the trip she slipped me choice things to eat.

I met Vinnie Joslin in Manchester, England. She was glad to see me for she hadn't seen anyone she

knew since she left the states. She was traveling abroad in order to get a wider knowledge of the world.

The British Isles had another surprise in store for me. I met Mildred McConaha in Aberdeen, Scotland. She was married but I forgot her husband's name. I always did know that Mildred would make a beautiful woman, and say, they know how to treat a fellow all right. If you ever get a chance make her a visit if possible.

Paris was the next place acquaintances were met.

One evening as I was walking along taking in the sights I met Margaret Williams. I hadn't seen her since the days of C. H. S. and you may be sure I was glad to see her. Like her desres she had become a teacher and was now traveling abroad so that she could teach in a University. She did not have to study that day so I was shown Paris. I prolonged my visit from two days to two weeks and I hated to leave Paris then. My last night there we went to the theatre. Nazoma Means was the leading character and she sure showed the French ladies something.

Although I would liked to have stayed in Paris I found it necessary to move ran across Charleine Beck one. Two months later I and Esther Anderson in Genoa Italy. They are becoming great musicians. Some day the United States will have some-

thing to brag about in musicians.

I did not meet anyone else I knew in Europe, but when I went to Africa I met Maynard Henwood in the city of Durban in the southern part of the country. He had been working in the diamond mines but was about to give it up. We made a bargain and took a long hunt through the jungles. I only wish I could tell of the experiences we had in two months we had enough of it. Henwood went back to the states, but I came to Asia.

Many pleasant surprises come to a traveler when he meets so many friends in a foreign country. While I was in Shiraz, Persia I met Harold May and his wife, who used to be Mary Dunkle. Like myself they were traveling and writing.

To-day I met Nellie Townsend and her husband here in Calcutta. They were on their wedding trip.

Well as I didn't get over to Earlham to see you while I was in Centerville I thought I would write and tell you about the class of twenty-four and I think I'll come back to the states before long and write my book, and get ready for another trip.

One of your old pupils,  
Irvin Hamilton

Nazoma Means has taken up toe dancing and is now making her debut in the "Wild Woman's" Theatre in Abington, Indiana of which Mr. and Mrs. Fred Higgins and son Eldon are the sole proprietors.

## SOCIETY NEWS

The Old Maid's Club will present Mademoiselle, Mildred McConaha, famous toe dancer here to-night in the Morton Theatre. She will be accompanied by Kenneth Hatfield, a well known jig dancer and French harp player.

Miss Helen Gower has returned from her trip to the Orient. On the third finger of her left hand is a conspicuous looking diamond. Some think it is an engagement ring but the public rumors it is a relic from King Tut's Tomb.

Maynard Henwood of the class of twenty-four will go this week to take up his duties as Senator. Mr. Henwood defeated James Kelly on the Republican ticket last fall.

Word was received here today from North Salem that M'ss Margaret Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Hamilton received the gold medal in a speaking contest held in the auditorium of the North Salem High School. It is said she has inherited her fame as a speaker from her mother, nee Margaret Williams.

Helen Brumfield is a lifesaver at the beach, Miami, Fla., and it is reported that because of her heroic attempt in saving the Duke of Manchester, she is soon to be married to his son the honorable "Marquis De-Bois."

MARVELOUS  
ACCIDENT

Glen Meek, traffic cop in Abington was hit and knocked off his feet by a machine driven by Harold Dunkle May Jr. Mr. Meek was thrown on his head on the icy pavement, if it had not have been for the hair groom his head would have been completely crushed, but instead he skated on his head for fifteen rods. He was picked up by Mrs. Dorothy Weyl who happened along in her private sleigh.

## COURT NEWS

Charges were brought against Kenneth Hatfield in circuit court to-day by his wife Ula on grounds of failure to provide.

Ivan Lundy was fined \$1 and costs to-day for speeding.

Miss Dorothy McKinney filed charges against Miss Boyd for assault and battery.

David Wambo living south of Centerville on the Dennis farm was fined \$10 and costs on account of failure to pay tax on Nami's pet cat.

Breach of promise was filed yesterday by Mary Dunkle.... against Harold

James Davison was fined \$10 and costs Monday morning in circuit court for shooting a Prohibition officer on Sunday

Miss Helen Brumfield is now suing Mr. Orville Cain for Breach of Prom-

Lost, Strayed,  
Wanted, and Stolen

Lost—Maynard Henwood, somewhere between Centerville and Abington,

MARTHA COMMONS.

Lost—A love letter.

Marjorie Baker.

Lost, Strayed or stolen—My husband. Return to my home and receive reward.

Hazel Crouch Warner,

Wanted—A wealthy woman with a bad cough.

KENNETH HATFIELD.

Wanted—Some one to dress my hair so it will stay up at least one hour.

Hilda Rideneur.

Lost—A pair of BRAINS Return to JAMES DAVISON and receive reward.

Wanted—A good job as cook.

Miss Sermantha Boyd.

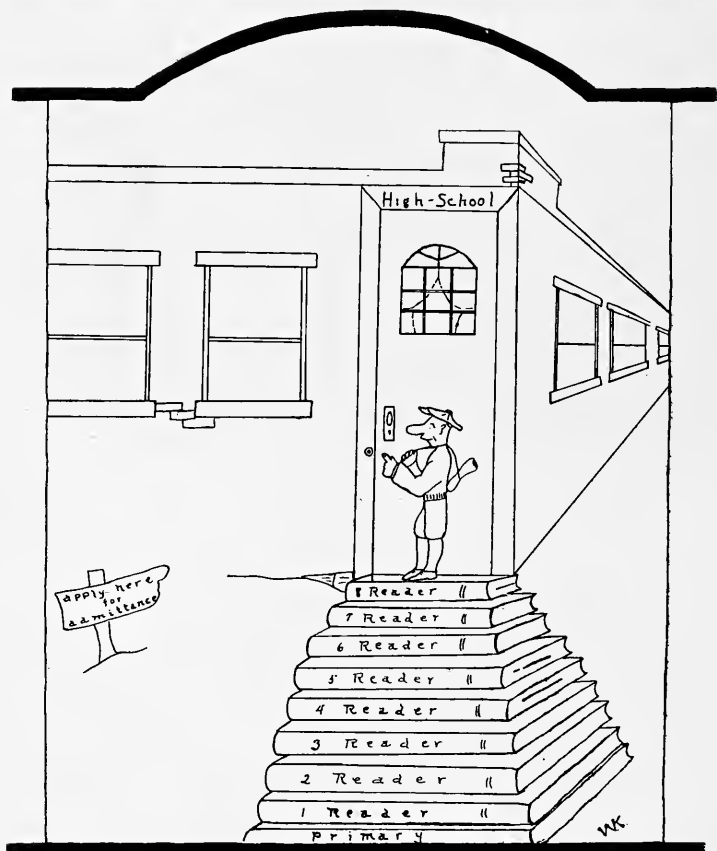
Wanted—More buckets.

NOBLE JACKSON.

Wanted—A first class position as a stenographer. Can take dictation at 160 words per minute.

RALPH HARRELL

Nellie Townsend has accepted a position as nurse in Old Maid's Hospital for stray cats. Retha Spraker is head nurse.



# JUNIOR DEPARTMENT





## SEVENTH GRADE

Teacher:—Miss Mildred Larson

Robert Boyce  
Hazel Brumfield  
Helen Elliott  
Mary Fansher  
Mary Fort  
Martha Hatfield  
Anna Mae Haas  
John D. Hurst  
John Horney  
Elsie Harris  
Lucile Lundy  
Ruby Monger  
Charles McGraw  
Marjorie Nelson  
Verl Palmer  
Arretha Pike  
Logan Seaton  
Dallas Thornburg  
Lola Wissler  
Elneatta Wissler

Thomas Ahl  
William Burdett  
George Blose  
Florence Baker  
James Bonham  
Stanley Davis  
Kenneth Harrell  
Paul Haley  
Harold Hanly  
Robert Johnston  
Aaron Jurgens  
Blanche Miller  
Elmer Nicholson  
Kenneth Null  
Thomas Osborne  
Claude Spraker  
Charles Staats  
Robert Spotts  
Thurman Small  
Russell Wambo



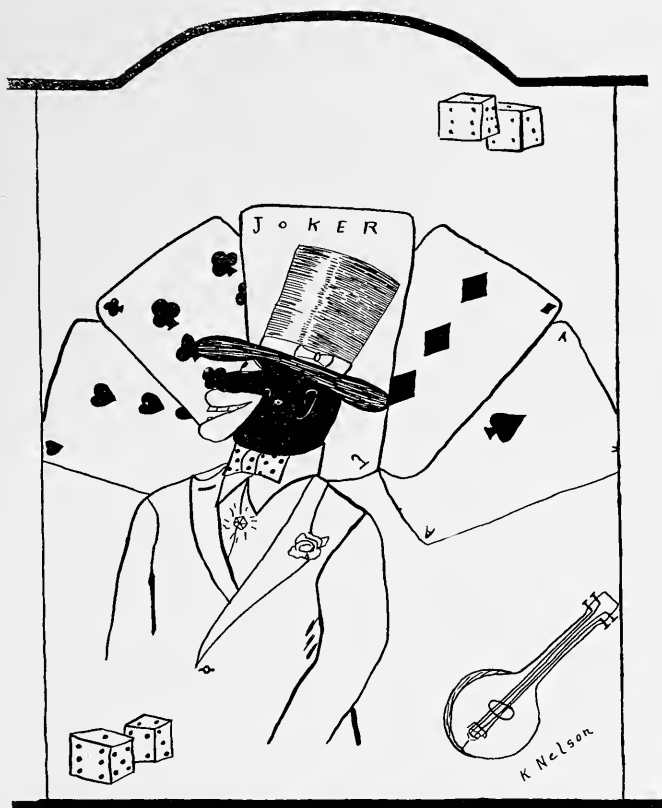
### Eighth Grade

Emily Hurst  
 Gladys Tice  
 Kathryn Kimmell  
 Thomas Boyce  
 Grace Mahin  
 Robert Lane  
 Gladys Glunt  
 Vera Lingenfelter  
 Mary Harris  
 Fay Darnell  
 Elizabeth Weyl  
 Kenneth Horney

Byron Pike  
 George O'Neal  
 Lester Melling  
 Leona Harvey  
 Irene Jackson  
 Charleine Jackson  
 Harold Tremps  
 Martha McConaha  
 Florence Casky  
 Wanda Hosier  
 John Pritchard  
 John Johnson

Teacher: Mr. Russell Sanders





# JOKES



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## JOKES

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### "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE"

James Davison say something really sensible.

Esther Anderson with black hair.

Mr. Dea Kyne give some one else 100 in Physics besides Mary Dunkle.

Hazel Jackson slim.

Kathryn Nelson fat?

Mr. Ranck smoke a cigarette?

Mrs. Hamilton really angry?

Noble Jackson in a dress suit?

Miss Boyd in an evening gown?

Helen Brumfield when she isn't giggling?

Nazoma Means when she wasn't writing notes.

Hear Miss Cox sing?

Mary appear on the scene when Mildred is vamping Harold.

Willard Knapp when he wasn't looking for something to eat?

Eddie Terry when his nose wasn't hard?

The missing link?      There are several in our school.

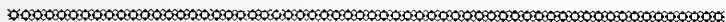
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Once in a great while when Hazel walks down the street alone she is singular. Harold is nominative and when he walks across the street to Hazel he becomes verbial and then dative. If Hazel is not objective they ride to her home near Abington. Her mother becomes accusative and Harold imperative then they talk of the future. Hazel changes to objective when Harold kisses her. Her father becomes present so things If a burglar entered the cellar, would the coal chute?

---

If a budglar entered the cellar, would the coal chute?

Could a detective solve a garden plot.



## IFS

IF:-

Katherine were in the hall, would Eddie Terry?

Miss Boyd were in a VERY pleasant mood, could Willard Knapp?

Clifford should ask her would Esther be Meek?

Clarissa and Martha should make a mistake, wouldn't that be Ahl Wright?

Irvin Hamilton can't come to see Mildred McConaha perhaps Harold May?

Richard doesn't see Mildred Hill, there is sure to be a Rau?

The Ice plant was grafted on the milk weed would it make ice cream?

Floyd should go with Hazel would Orville raise Cain?

Mr. Dea Kyne should ask her what magnetism is, could he tell what Nazoma Means?

Alice were a Wissler (whistler) would Bertha Crowe?

Harold M. (after a B. B. game):- My dear you are the goal of my affections.

Mary D.:- Yes, but Dad is the referee, and if you don't be careful he will foul you for holding.

Powder and paint makes a girl's freckles look like they ain't

Women are peculiar. Once they put their money on their backs, now they put it on their faces.

Darkness is an absence of light; cold is an absence of heat; and flunking is an absence of mind.

Some have read Romeo, but few have read Juliet

The Dictionary is alright but it changes the subject too often.



"Napoleon was little so is our janitor."

Judge: What's your occupation?

Rastus: I'se a business man.

Yo' honor. I's the manager of a family laundry.

Jurge: Wat's the name of that laundry?

Rastus: De name of de laundry is 'Liza yo' honor.

Don't you know, my friend, that Fortune knocks at every man's door? "Yes, he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since he has sent his daughter.

His daughter? What do you mean? Why, Misfortune.

"Ah! I see by your hand that you are engaged," said the amateur palmist. "How wonderful!" cried the bride-to-be. "And," continued the reader of the future and the past in a more cutting tone, "I see that you are engaged to Mr. Snoodle."

"Oh, it's perfectly extraordinary," burst out the blushing girl "How could you know that?"

"You are wearing the engagement ring I returned to him three weeks ago"

Londoner: "What do you think of that tower for height?"

New Yorker (abroad): "Do you call that high? Say in our ninety-first floor bedrooms, we have to close all the windows at night to keep the clouds from rolling in."

Red Davison: "What's that big box on the front of your machine?"

Harold May: "That's a camera for taking moving pictures, you see, I go so fast I don't have time to look at the scenery, and so I photograph it as I go along."

"If your father heard your stupid answers, it would make him turn in his grave!"

"It couldn't, he's cremated."

It was bedtime for four-year-old Jack but the little fellow wants to stay up later. His aunt, who tipped the scales at two hundred pounds said, "Why Jack, think of me—I am very much older than you, and I go to bed with the chickens!"

Jack looked at her and said: "Well I don't see how you ever got up on the roost."

**Is It KNACK?**

Have you noticed that the  
knack of always looking  
well-groomed?

Is it "knack" or is it the  
**HICKEY-FREEMAN**  
Clothes they wear?

**Loehr & Klute**

Richmond, Indiana

**THE FIRST NATIONAL  
BANK**

Richmond, Indiana

A friendly bank

Safety and Service  
combined

Eddy Terry: On what grounds does  
your folks object to my seeing you?

Katherine King: On the grounds  
within a mile of my home.

Bob Sullivan: Are you going to be  
cremated when you die?

Dick Rau: Why, gosh! no I'll be hot  
enough as it is!

**Geo. Brehm Co.**

**Toys, Seeds, Sporting  
Goods**

Richmond, Indiana.

**Weiss Furniture  
Store**

The place to buy your  
Furniture, Stoves, Rugs,  
Draperies.

505-513 Main Street  
Richmond, Indiana

Compliments of

**Walter B. Fulghum, Inc.**  
**Radio, Victrolas, Sport  
Goods.**

**WESCOTT HOTEL**  
Richmond, Indiana

**EQUITABLE LIFE  
INSURANCE CO.**

The place to buy your insurance.

**J. L. HUTCHINS**

334-336 Colonial Building  
Richmond Indiana

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

Everything for  
the  
**TEACHER, STUDENT**  
or

**TRUSTEE**  
**DESKS, CHAIRS**

**Bartel, Rohe &  
Rosa Company**

921 Main

Indiana

Richmond

Miss Dickson: Have you read Macbeth?

James Davison: No.

Miss Dickson: What have you read?

James Davison: I have Red hair.

**Irvin Reed  
& Son**

**HARDWARE**  
**GLASS**  
**IMPLEMENTS**

Richmond

Indiana

Your first two investments:

- (1) A Savings Account
- (2) A Checking Account

This Bank takes a personal interest in young people with a  
**SAVINGS ACCOUNT**

"SAVING IS A GREATER  
ART THAN GETTING."

**SECOND NATIONAL  
BANK**

Richmond, Indiana

Teacher: What are the three words commonly used by the Freshmen class?

Freshman: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct! Sit down.

Why pay two profits when you can buy a "WOLVERINE" direct from the factory.

**MARSHAL FURNACE  
COMPANY**

E. J. Knapp, Branch Manager  
**Centerville Phone 123**

Richmond office, Main Street

Phone 2259

## WILSON The Cleaner

When It's Done By  
Wilson, It's Done  
Right.

1018 Main

Richmond, Ind.

## Nusbaum's

Special Values at all Times

Dry Goods, Millinery  
Ready-to-wear

LEE B. NUSBAUM CO.,

Richmond

Indiana

Maynard Henwood: Is that my Caesar Book?

Miss Dickson: It must be, it has Martha Commons' name in it.

Miss Meerhoff: Now's your time to shine, Erpha.

Erpha: My lamp's gone out.

## ZWISSLER'S CAFE

for

Good Things to Eat  
Home Of "BETSY ROSS"  
BREAD

908 Main

Richmond, Ind.

Compliments of

**Fred's Clothing  
and  
Furnishings**

710 Main Richmond, Ind.

## F. J. Parsons

Leading Photographer

704 Main Street

Richmond, Indiana

Compliments of

**THE  
THE STARR PIANO  
COMPANY**

931-35 Main Street

Richmond

## PALAIS ROYAL

**Richmond's Daylight  
Store**

822-24 Main Street

**Apparel for Women and  
Misses**

We cordially request you to visit  
our store.

## QUIGLEY'S Quality Drugs

J. A. QUIGLEY, PROP.

727 Main Street

Richmond

### AGENCY FOR

Nyal Family Remedies

Nyal Family Remedies

San Tox Remedies

Eastman Kodaks and supplies

Elizabeth Arden Toilet Goods

E. Burnhams Toilet Goods.

Mr. Ranck: Do you know Lincoln's  
Gettysburg Address?

Beanie Knapp: I thought he lived in  
the White House.

Miss Boyd: How dare you swear be-  
fore me?

Kenneth Hatfield: How did I know  
you wanted to swear first?

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Maynard Henwood: Why does the  
blamed chickens fly towards my car?  
Martha C. Well aren't you driving a  
coop (coupe)?

Miss Dickson: If the president and  
vice-president both die, who would  
get the job?

Tip Means: The undertaker.

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Indiana

Miss Meerhoff: What is the advan-  
age of the orioles nest?

Martha W: Well, it would sway in the  
wind.

Miss M: What good would that do?

Martha: It would swing the small  
birds to sleep while their folks were  
gone.

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Miss Dickson: Who was Homer?  
"Red Davison": The guy that made  
Babe Ruth famous.

Mr. Ranck: Rhea, what are some of  
the great things Caesar did?  
Rhea. Do you mean before he died?

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Builders' Supplies

Lumber, Coal

Centerville,

Indiana.

Mr. Dea Kyne: The one who is absent  
speak up so I'll know who you are.

Mrs. Hamilton: Money is worth  
something of course you know.

Miss Meerhoff (talking about bees)  
How many of you have hives?

Martha Wright: I have no hives but  
I have mosquito bites.

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Maynard: They impeach kings from other countries.

Mr. Ranck: Well, not that I know of.

Maynard: Yes, they take the King out of Greece every two weeks.

It was sleepy Monday and Maynard Henwood was asked the principle parts of occido. Oh Kiddo, Oh kid, dearie, I kiss-e. Then the dream was spoiled by laughter.

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Centerville.

In Botany.

Noble J. If the western coast is rising and the eastern coast is lowering there isn't any danger of us going under.

Mr. Dea Kyne: Give an example of contraction by cold and expansion by heat.

Irvin H. In winter the days are short and in summer the days are long.

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Mr. Ranck: When I go out in my Ford  
I'm always pretty sure I'll get back.  
Maynard H: Oh do you always feel  
sure, I don't ever feel sure until I do.

Did any of you fellows lose a roll of  
bills with a rubber band around it?  
Chorus of voices: "I did" "Well, I  
found the rubber."

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When you think of good photographs, think of—

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Cocky: Say Deak, it gets colder  
When the thermometer falls don't it?  
Deak: Yes.

Cocky: Well it'll get terrible cold  
for it just fell five feet and broke all  
to pieces.

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Auto Repairing, Taxi  
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The

# Long

Way is the Best Way

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Richmond, Ind.

Goldie (calling at school house to tell  
them she is not coming to school and  
trying to disguise her voice)

Goldie is not well today she will not  
be at school.

Mr. Ranck: Oh that is alright. Who  
is this?

Goldie (surprised at the question)  
My Mother.

Since fish is a good brain food we  
suggest the Juniors eat some.

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at home

For your classmates and new  
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Indiana

Smith: So your son is in college?  
How is he making it?

Smithers: He isn't. I'm making it  
and he's spending it.

Mr. Ranck: Are there other questions  
before we start to recite?

Charlene: Yes sir, what is the les-  
son?

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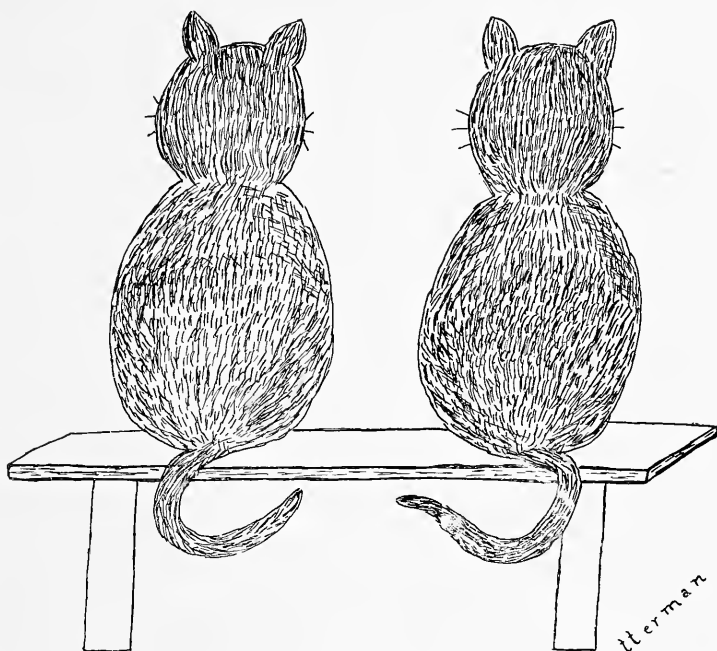
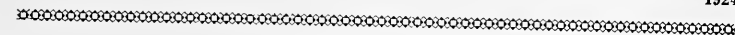
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THE END











